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MISS SUTHERLAND, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## "MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME"; OR, HOW NOT TO DO IT.\*

"The art of biography is to know what to leave in the ink-pot;" and, judging from the new edition of "Men and Women of the Time," the editor has acquired that art in so complete a degree that he has left in the ink-pot the whole of many biographies. A rapid survey of the book in one hour and a half has resulted in my compiling the following representative list of persons who are not considered "men and women of the time"—

Lord Farrer, Sir William Broadbent, Lady Henry Somerset, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Madame Novikoff, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, Professor Yorke-Powell, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. William Terriss, Lord Welby, "Anthony Hope," the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Sir George Armstrong, Sir Benjamin Baker, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. Dudley Hardy, Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Melton Prior, Madame Marie Roze, Signor Mancinelli, Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Morley Roberts, Mr. R. C. Carton, Mr. W. Hale White, Sir Halliday Macartney, Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, Rev. James Stalker, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Dr. Cameron Lees, Captain Wiggins, Mr. Clifford Harrison, Mr. Leonard Borwick, Captain Younghusband, Admiral Colomb, Mdles. Ravogli, M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Henry Norman, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. J. Maskelyne, Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. John Latey, Mr. David Bispham, Mr. J. F. Nisbet, M. De Pachmann, Mr. Carson, Q.C., Mr. Arthur Law, Sir Forrest Fulton, Q.C., Lord Dunmore, Mr. W. M. Conway, Mr. Lassalle, Professor Rutherford, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Mr. Gilbert Parker, Herr Hottl, Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. Frederick Tennyson, Mrs. Hinkson, Mr. H. J. Cust, M.P., Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, Sir Edward Walter, Rev. Wm. Rogers, Sir David Barbour, Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., Prince Lobanoff, Sir Edward Grey, M.P., Sir Francis Plunkett, Sir William Ingram, "Violet Fane," Mr. H. S. Tuke, Mr. Reginald Poole, Mr. C. H. Firth, Mr. A. J. Wilson, Mr. F. Harris, "George Egerton," Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Richmond Cotton, Dr. Alfred Schofield, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Sylvia Grey, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Madame Réjane, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Nellie Farren.

But we have no more space to spare for this enumeration, however useful it might prove for the compilers of future editions of this strange book.

Still more disappointing are the numerous discrepancies and errors in the biographies which are published. In a work which is regarded as a literary "Kelly's Post Office Directory" for unimpeachable accuracy, one does not expect to find all sorts of mistakes and examples of careless printing. Sir John Hutton is no longer Chairman of the L.C.C.; Dr. Robertson Nicoll wrote a Life of James Macdonell, not *Macdonald*; the same author and editor will be horrified at Mr. Barrie's pseudonym being given as "Gavan Ogilvy." Lord Connemara has contracted a second marriage; Dr. Gott is now "Right Rev.," not "Very Rev.," Sir R. F. D. Palgrave should have his well-earned knighthood acknowledged at the commencement of his biography; the editor of the *Speaker* is altogether deprived of his honours; the Rev. C. H. Kelly is no longer President of the Wesleyan Conference. What is meant by Mr. T. H. S. Escott's adopting "journalism as a professor" I leave my readers to guess. The editor kindly translates "Pax vobiscum" in Professor Drummond's biography, but other quotations are wrongly given, and not even translated. The articles on Sir George Chesney, Dr. Dale, Dr. W. C. Bennett, Admiral Hornby, Madame Bodichon, still appear in the volume, although a note in the preface states that some of these persons are dead. The style of many of the most important biographies is execrable. Lord Rosebery, "besides being one of the first English Foreign Ministers"—whatever that means—"has for many years taken a deep interest in the welfare of the masses"—a delightful *non sequitur*! The biography of Mr. Jesse Collings exceeds, by nearly a column, the space devoted to Mr. Chamberlain; Dr. Lansdell has over two columns, but no room has been found for Mr. Conway. A biography of Mr. A. B. Walkley quite astonished me, as showing that the editor did not entirely neglect critics, but my balance was restored by searching in vain for Mr. Norman Maccoll, Mr. Joseph Knight, and Mr. W. Moy Thomas. Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., has twice the space accorded to Mr. Hall Caine. Dr. Madden has two columns, but Dr. Playfair has not a line. Mr. D. R. Fearon, the educationalist, is "taken," but Mr. G. W. Kekewich is "left." Permanent officials like Sir Courtenay Boyle and Sir Hugh Owen are not mentioned. Mrs. W. K. Clifford is, apparently, not considered worthy of a place, nor Mr. George Gissing. Sir George Williams, of the Y.M.C.A., Professor Agar Beet, Lord William Beresford, the Rev. James Chalmers, George Howell, M.P., are all omitted, but a certain Rev. J. Thompson has a whole column. Sarah Bernhardt is hidden under "Madame Damala." Mr. G. J. Symons has a "d" inserted in his name at different periods in his career. The Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers is said to be still editor of the *Congregational Review*. Both the names of Sir James Whitehead and Mr. Picton have wrong initials. Dr. G. W. Leitner, whose fame is not exactly world-wide, though his linguistic abilities are extraordinary, has more than four columns devoted to his career. Mr. C. F. Gill, and most of the rising barristers, are overlooked, but Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe, Q.C., has a column and a half, exceeding Sir Edward Clarke by a column. I point out these eccentricities (gathered during a very rapid survey) as unjustifiable in a book which ought to exemplify the highest standard of infallible accuracy. The editor says that the work should "be conducted upon lines of impartiality and historic proportion." It should also, I venture to think, be compiled with much more care than has been taken over the present edition.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Tolstoi, with his characteristic carelessness of profit or repute, lets his literary productions appear as they may, and there are already several English versions of his new peasant story, "Master and Man." The one I have read, published by Messrs. Chapman, is, for the most part, well translated. Perhaps he will never go back to his early and great style; but "Master and Man" is an indication of a possibility that, in his later manner of almost exaggerated simplicity, he may produce something still of perfect artistic worth. Indeed, one part of this little peasant story rises to a great height—the oncoming of the fatal sleep in the frozen men, their diverse dreams, in one, of greed and success, of past gain and future bargains, in the other, of pain and labour and the possibility of rest at last; then the dawning of some latent grandeur in the sordid soul of the master, that forces him to give what is left of his life-warmth to his unconscious, dying servant. Beginning in the most literal and prosaic fashion, its culmination in a mysterious poetry is of the most unforeseeable growth. The readers of Tolstoi's novels and of his gospel by no means coincide, though they overlap. "Master and Man" is for both.

Later than most I have read Mr. Sheil's "Prince Zaleski" (Lane), and, though it does not remind me very much of Poe, or anyone else to whose work it has been compared, I have found it makes a capital evening's entertainment. The three stories are of the detective order; but the mysteries they unravel are of a complexity that would have baffled any ordinary detective even of the most extraordinary powers. Mental gymnastics of an agonising difficulty, philosophy, culture of a world-wide kind, were necessary for their disentanglement; and so the idea of a gifted prince was born. Or was it the other way about?

As for Prince Zaleski himself, he has produced the wrong effect on me. In spite of the "vaporous atmosphere palpitating to the low, liquid tinkling of an invisible musical-box," in spite of the vision of the prince reclining "in a couch from which a draping of cloth-of-silver rolled torrent over the floor," in spite of the gemmed chibouque, the Gnostic gem, the sarcophagus with the Memphian mummy, in spite of all he does and looks to keep us solemn, he remains a personage one would like to play rude schoolboy jokes upon. He is not a Poe hero at all. Poe was often very boring—Mr. Sheil is not, so far—but when Poe interests he also impresses, and just as he wished to impress. Prince Zaleski is rather of the Disraelian school: not the most expensive exotic substantive or adjective is spared in his setting; and the result, while rather over-fine for everyday eyes, leaves the imagination too little to do. Or he might be a sentimental, world-weary brother of Prince Florizel, who had never rubbed shoulders with the common herd in Soho, and never enjoyed the wholesome companionship of Major Hammersmith.

"A. E.'s" "Songs by the Way" (Whaley, Dublin), a little pamphlet of not very popular but very genuine poetry, has reached a second edition. If any prediction at all were safe, it would be safe to predict that, spite of this second edition, not very many persons would care very enthusiastically for "A. E.'s" special note, and that, to a few, his songs would be chosen and cherished companions. It would be impossible, I think, to "boom" his poetry. Here is a verse or two from one of the simpler and the better-made songs, "Sung on a By-way"—

What of all the will to do?  
It has vanished long ago.  
For a dream-shaft pierced it through  
From the Unknown Archer's bow.

What of all the soul to think?  
Someone offered it a cup  
Filled with a diviner drink,  
And the flame has burned it up.

Another and a rather lengthy estimate of Thackeray has been published. Mr. Adolphus Jack is the writer, and the monograph is published by Macmillan. It is worth reading for two or three reasons, but chiefly because it is an unusually honest and systematic endeavour to separate Thackeray's greater and lesser qualities. It is very far removed from mere eulogy; yet to the grander instincts and achievements of the novelist it does full justice.

But Mr. Jack's book is one more instance of a highly intelligent person being absolutely unsuited to take a sane and comprehensive view of that queer and not very respectable thing called genius. He is very particular to insist on Thackeray's many-sidedness to start with. But, as a matter of fact, he regrets the consequences very much indeed. Thackeray has never been so scolded before for his persistent contemplation of mean things, for his humiliation of exalted persons and events, for his indiscriminate abuse of snobs. Of course, he did all he is accused of, and a great deal more. Many-sidedness is a composite quality that is sure to include undesirable things. His vitality was such that he used his lighter moments for "copy"; the results were amusing, at least, and should not be taken too seriously. But here is an admiring critic who is driven by Thackeray's fun to defend the English aristocracy, and solemn public ceremonies, and monarchs, and the race of snobs—snobbery, rightly regarded, being the symbol of worthy and pathetic aspirations—and all in the most seriously indignant spirit. We should all feel it necessary to mention Thackeray's little weaknesses and levities in giving an account of him; but, if he is genial enough to let us see him in his undress moods, we are hardly worthy of his humorous company if we call up all his frivolous words and judge them by our most elevated code.

O. O.

\* "Men and Women of the Time: A Dictionary of Contemporaries." Fourteenth edition, revised and brought down to the present time. By Victor G. Plarr, Librarian of King's College. London: George Routledge & Sons.



TENNYSON IN TABLEAU.

*Photographs by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight.*



CLEOPATRA (MISS NICHOLSON).



ELAINE (MISS WARBURTON).



HELEN OF TROY (MISS E. NICHOLSON.)



ST. AGNES (MISS A. NICHOLSON).



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

There seems no real reason why "Baron Golosh" should not have been a truly comical opera-bouffe. The humours of the parvenu are by no means exhausted, though they have been drawn upon since the beginning of drama. Unfortunately the adapter has been content to deal with the humours already handled, and the result is that one has a painful feeling of old acquaintance with the jokes. Nevertheless, the first act is passable libretto; the second becomes mere musical extravaganza, and consequently—such is the taste of the times—proved the more successful. Such success, then, as the piece enjoyed is really due to the players, to M. Audran, the original musician, and Herr Meyer Lutz, who has written additional numbers. Though rather thin and poor in orchestration, the work of Audran has no little grace and charm, and a good deal of humour.

It is to be hoped that the success of Miss Letty Lind as a singer will not cause many dancers to try to follow her steps. Certainly Miss Sylvia Grey, who had a splendid reception, shows none of Miss Lind's skill in managing an ungrateful voice. Moreover, one must protest against the boisterousness of her acting; the fact that one represents a youthful French Countess is no reason for adopting a manner which suggests something between an American "song and dance" actress and a *chahuteuse*. Her dancing delighted the house, despite its independence of the measure of the music. Miss Florence Berry has the brightness and suggestion of personal enjoyment in her work that is the great charm of Miss Decima Moore, and her acting as the heroine pleased everyone. Mr. Scott Russell sang very well as her lover. Perhaps one ought to speak of Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Lonnen, Miss M. A. Victor, and Miss Alice Lethbridge, but it is difficult to say anything new about hard-working artists who never attempt surprises.

Messrs. B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley have been fortunate enough to find ready-made an unusually good subject for a play. Colonel Savage's book, "My Official Wife"—to which a debt is freely acknowledged—with its capital idea of the man who amiably and in all honour allows a lady to pass for a while as his wife, must have been a splendid "find" for the playwrights. With such a start it only is necessary to make the man and woman marry people in the same set, and the result of the indiscreet chaperonage must be trouble. Possibly, instead of treating the matter farcically, the authors might have made a real comedy out of it, but one can hardly blame them for seeking laughter.

Nevertheless, seeing that the construction of the piece is clever, and it gives birth to hearty laughter, one may overlook small faults, even pardon some poor jokes and jests in curious taste, for "The Passport" is cleverer than most of its class. If one has a complaint against the company, it is that it is too good for such work. Of course, Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Fanny Coleman, and Messrs. Giddens and Maltby were funny. Could they help it? I might add that Miss Tully played prettily.

Some have rebuked Mr. G. W. Godfrey for choosing Thackeray's title, "Vanity Fair," as the name of his new piece, and talked of audacity and desecration: to me it seems rather a good thing, since the appropriation of the name may deter playwrights from laying rash hands on the great book. Despite advance rumours, Mr. Godfrey has gone neither to Bunyan nor to the mighty rival of Dickens. His work, curiously yet discreetly called a "caricature," is really an exaggerated picture of what people who are not *dans le mouvement* imagine is fashionable society, while, to give dramatic form, a humble little plot has been thrown in. It is a pity that a man so clever as Mr. Godfrey should have been so unwise and unlucky as he appears in "Vanity Fair."

Really, the wit of the best parts is high; unfortunately, however, the author is one of those who cannot resist the attraction of an obvious joke, however thin and stale: he has watered his dialogue with such jests as—Lady J.: "She has such lovely teeth!" The Duke: "Glad you like 'em—cost me seventy pounds. . . . My wife tells me she has cut down everything as low as she can." Lady J.: "She has begun with her gowns." The result, then, is that the average is not very high. Such quaint lines as "A man has come to measure me for an umbrella," "A dinner-gown should be daring—neck or nothing," "I shouldn't know what to do with money of my own, I'm so accustomed to spend other people's," are forgotten after "It is a mark of distinction not to know how to spell," "If a woman is seen alone with her husband it always leads to unpleasant remarks."

Mr. Godfrey may suggest that he has given caricatures of current wit. The truth is, that one source of weakness in the play is the bewildering change of standard. Sometimes the piece seems a serious satire, sometimes a mere jest. Even with a printed book one cannot tell whether he believes that he is attacking by ridicule a rotten state of society, in the existence of which he believes, or merely is setting up ninepins with the intention of knocking them down. He has taken no pains to be consistent. The girl who one day says that she has been dining with a jockey, and admits that, without her father's knowledge, she runs four race-horses the next day but one, is "a poor little caged bird pining for love and heaven's light and pure air."

The whole piece is a fantastic jumble of clever scenes, dull intervals, startling surprises, such as the dream trial in the last act; unpleasant episodes, such as the *cicisbeo* scene that seems borrowed from "La Tosca"; and daring strokes of satirical humour, such as Mrs. Tegg's abandonment when safe of the good resolutions made by her when she thought herself in danger. When vigorous cutting has been done, there will be left a piece not very high as a work of art, but exceedingly clever and decidedly entertaining.

In the acting the best thing was the Mrs. Tegg of Mrs. John Wood,

who was really at her best. Miss Granville played charmingly as a Viscountess of somewhat ill-defined character. Mr. Arthur Cecil seemed rather crushed by his burden as a moralising Christian in the "Vanity Fair." Hearty praise may be given to Mr. G. W. Anson, who played very cleverly as a blackmailing scoundrel, and was immensely "funny" in a comic song, with the chorus of which all the people were well acquainted, though they could not have heard it before. MONOCLE.

## MR. H. NYE CHART.

Mr. H. Nye Chart, who is Mr. Harold Brabazon Tegg in "Vanity Fair," at the Court Theatre, was born April 30, 1868, at Brighton. He made his first appearance on March 15, 1869, as Edward Bingley, jun., in "The Old Post-Boy," at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, the occasion being the annual benefit of his father. From October, 1887, to June, 1890, he acted as stage-manager of the Footlights Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge, where he produced and appeared in sixteen plays. His actual first professional engagement was with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, with whom he



Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

went to America, for nine months, in September, 1890, to play small parts and understudy. Through the illness of a member of the company, he played Octave de Beaupré in "The Ironmaster," after which he got an offer to return with them, to play that line of business on their second tour. In August, 1891, Mr. Chart created the Midshipman's part in a melodrama by Seymour Hicks at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, and in the following month he sailed for America with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. More illness in the company brought him such parts as Archie Hamilton in "A Scrap of Paper," Bertie in "Home," Jack Gambier in "The Queen's Shilling," and The Due de Bligny in "The Ironmaster." On April 3, 1892, he married, in Boston, Miss Violet Luta Morice (stage-name, Violet Raye), a member of the company. Returning to England, in 1892, he played Ned Fellows in "Ned's Chum" at the Globe, to the Lucy Draycott of his wife, a part she had created a year before. In 1893 he wrote his first pantomime, which was produced at Brighton, the subject being "Aladdin." In April, 1894, he played Captain Hawtree in Mr. Gilbert Hare's "Caste" tour. From the Court he went direct to the St. George's Hall, to understudy the late Mr. Alfred Reed's part (Phil Baggs), which part he played after "Melodramania" had been running one week until the hall closed on March 9—eight weeks in all. Mr. Chart wrote the pantomime for the Theatre Royal, Brighton, for 1894-5, and is engaged writing one to be produced there this Christmas.

The idea of Tennyson in tableau, and that, too, in his beloved Isle of Wight, is as appropriate as anything of the kind could well be. The entertainment was given last week at Freshwater in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home, the national memorial to General Gordon, and resulted in a handsome sum of money being handed over to the home. The tableaux were arranged by Mr. Sacheverell Coke, and the entire stage-management was in the hands of Major Wingfield Stratford, R.E.



# LOUISE & CO., Limited.

## ("MADAME LOUISE.")

Consisting of five separate businesses in REGENT STREET, OXFORD STREET, BROMPTON ROAD, and elsewhere.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.

### CAPITAL - - - £163,000,

DIVIDED INTO

80,000 Cumulative 5½ per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each, 80,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and  
3000 Founders' Shares of £1 each.

The Preference Shares will be entitled out of the profits to a fixed Cumulative Preferential Dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on Feb. 1 and Aug. 1 in each year, and they will also be entitled to rank in respect of Capital and Dividend on the Property and Assets of the Company in priority to the Ordinary and Founders' Shares. The first Dividend will be calculated from the due dates of the Instalments.

After payment in each year of a Dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits, subject to the provision of a Reserve Fund, will be divisible in equal moieties between the holders of the Ordinary and Founders' Shares.

It is not in contemplation to create any Debenture Debt or Mortgages, so that the Preference Shares will be the first capital charge upon the undertaking.

45,350 Ordinary Shares and 37,000 Preference Shares have already been applied for by the Directors and their friends, employees and others, and applications at par for the remaining Preference and Ordinary Shares may be lodged with the Company's Bankers, payable as follows—

5s. per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, and 10s. on June 1, 1895.

#### DIRECTORS.

D. H. EVANS, 314, Oxford Street, W., Chairman.  
R. W. BURBIDGE, Wrexhall, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.  
JAMES BOYTON, 6, Vere Street, W.  
J. B. THOMPSON, 266, Regent Street, W., Managing Director.

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LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LTD., 21, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.

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#### SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND OFFICES.

THOMAS NEVELL, 26, Leadenhall Buildings, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

## PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire as a going concern and extend the prosperous and well-known business of Bonnet Makers and Milliners, carried on under the styles of—

LOUISE AND CO., 266 and 268, Regent Street, W. (at Regent Circus, corner of Regent Street and Oxford Street).  
MARGUERITE, 234, Oxford Street, W.  
LOUISE AND CO., 210 and 210A, Regent Street, W.;  
LOUISE AND CO., 59, Brompton Road, S.W.;  
THE BONNET BOX, 74 and 75, High Street, Shoreditch, E.

The principal branches of the business are situated in Regent Street and Oxford Street, two of the busiest thoroughfares of the West-End of London; they have for many years been firmly established in public favour, and enjoy a world-wide reputation for novelty of design and excellence of taste.

The business was founded upwards of twenty-five years ago by Mrs. E. A. Thompson (known as "Madame Louise"), who has, with the active support of her daughter, Mrs. E. L. Webb, and her son, Mr. J. B. Thompson, developed it from comparatively small proportions until it has reached its present foremost position in the trade; the profits made in the business, as shown hereunder, and the fact that the name of the firm has become a household word in fashionable circles, clearly indicate that the management is conducted on a sound commercial basis.

The success of the firm is in a large measure due to the principle adopted of keeping stock representing the very latest designs of fashions, and of the best quality only, which has the double advantage of securing the customers' approval and of avoiding loss through deterioration in condition. The turnover having reached very large dimensions, the stock-in-trade is, on an average, sold more than twenty times in the course of a year, and is, therefore, always fresh and clean.

The great vitality of the business and the existing capabilities of expansion, point to its becoming, with continued judicious management, still more successful in the future, and this view is confirmed by the striking success and rapid development attained by other retail businesses which, after their conversion into Joint Stock Companies, have almost invariably experienced a considerable addition of public support.

The main premises, on which the business is conducted, consist of a number of conveniently adapted and luxuriously appointed shops in exceptionally favourable positions in the West-End, and a reference to the sketches accompanying the Prospectus will be of interest as showing the extent of the frontages and character of the premises. Considerable sums of money have been expended in adapting same to the requirements of the business, and, with the exception of the Shoreditch premises, they are efficiently provided throughout the buildings with Fixtures, Fittings, Electric Light, and other modern appliances necessary for expeditiously carrying on the large trade.

The valuable and extensive leasehold premises in Regent Street, Oxford Street, and High Street, Shoreditch, to be acquired by the Company are held for unexpired terms varying from 25½ to 10½ years, and those in Brompton Road for about 2½ years, at a total annual rental of £3560. A part of the premises in Regent Circus was sub-let many years ago at a rental of £400 per annum, until March, 1899. This site is in one of the best trade-centres in the whole of London, and will, as soon as available, form a most valuable addition to the Company's premises.

Mrs. E. A. Thompson, the founder of the business, as well as Mrs. Webb, have entered into an Agreement with the Company to continue the active management of the business for a term of not less than three years, while Mr. J. B. Thompson has, under a similar Agreement, joined the Board as Managing Director, their total remuneration having been fixed at £1000 per annum, payable out of the Company's net profits exceeding £10,000, so that they will receive no remuneration until the Ordinary Shareholders have received at least 7 per cent. per annum.

The other members of the Board are also all practical business men connected with other successful trading establishments.

The existing arrangements with the experienced staff of Assistants will also be continued, and it is proposed to make a judicious and liberal allotment of the Company's Share Capital to applications received from the staff, as well as from customers, so that they will have a direct interest in the increasing prosperity of the business.

As the business is carried on almost entirely for cash, practically no bad debts are incurred; the average losses during the last four years have been less than £60 per annum.

Messrs. Viney, Price, and Goodyear, the well-known Chartered Accountants, have examined the books and accounts of the business, which have been very carefully kept, and their certificate as to profits earned is as follows:—

The Directors of  
LOUISE AND CO., LIMITED.

99, Cheapside,  
London, E.C., April 20, 1895.

Dear Sirs,—We have acted for some years as Accountants to the firm of Louise & Co., and have prepared their Annual Balance Sheets and Profit and Loss Accounts.

We certify that the Profits of the Businesses carried on at the following establishments, namely, Nos. 210 and 210A, Regent Street, Nos. 266 and 268, Regent Street, No. 234, Oxford Street, No. 59, Brompton Road, during the four years ending February 23, 1895, and including also the Shop at Nos. 74 and 75, High Street, Shoreditch, for four years ending December 31, 1894, have been as follows—

Year 1891, ending 23rd February, 1892	...	...	...	£10,629	0	9
" 1892, " 23rd "	"	"	"	11,384	13	5
" 1893, " 23rd "	"	"	"	13,438	3	8
" 1894, " 23rd "	"	"	"	13,699	7	9

In these accounts due provision has been made for Depreciation of Leases, Fixtures, and Furniture, and for Bad Debts. Interest on Capital, and Remuneration of Partners employed in the Business, have not been charged against the Profit. We also certify that during the above four years the Cash Sales have averaged 88½ per cent. of the total turnover. We are, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
VINEY, PRICE, and GOODYEAR, Chartered Accountants,

The price to be paid for the whole of the valuable leasehold properties, including the stock-in-trade, the goodwill of the business, the fixtures, fittings, furniture, house linen, electric lighting, and other goods, chattels, and effects connected with the business, has been fixed by the Vendors, who, as promoters, make a profit, at £157,500, payable as to one-half in cash and one-half in Ordinary or Preference Shares or cash, or partly in cash and partly in shares, at the option of the Company.

The financial year of the business closed on Feb. 23 last, and the business, together with the benefit of all contracts made and profits accruing as from that date, less interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the purchase-money up to date of completion, will be transferred to the Company. It has been further agreed that the Book Debts outstanding at the date of the stock-taking on Feb. 23 last are to be collected by the Company for account of the Vendors, who will, on the other hand, discharge all liabilities up to the same date.

The turnover of the business in the current year is considerably ahead of the corresponding period last year.

It is intended, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, to open other establishments in neighbourhoods where their want is felt, and the Directors have no reason to doubt that these additions, conducted on principles which have proved so successful, will add materially to the Company's income.

It is also intended to carry out a plan which has for years been considered and matured by Mrs. Thompson, of extending the scope of the business by adding a high-class dressmaking department, and there are many circumstances in the conditions of the present business which augur well for the success of such new departure.

Taking the net profits of £13,699 as a basis, without any further increase, there will be required to pay—

5½ per cent. interest on £80,000 Preference Shares	...	...	£400
7 per cent. interest on £80,000 Ordinary Shares	...	...	5600

Total ... £10,000

leaving a surplus of £3699 for management expenses, additional dividend, and reserve.

It will thus be seen that the present net income covers the amount required for payment of interest on the Preference Shares nearly three times over.

With the influx of trade from the above extensions, the directors hope that an annual net profit sufficient to pay 12 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Shares may soon be anticipated, which, with the publicity given to the business by its conversion into a Joint Stock Company, and the direct interest of employees and customers in its prosperity, should be further increased, when a more prosperous condition of business returns after the period of depression through which trade generally has passed.

The following approximate present Market quotations are an indication of the appreciation in which investments in similar successful retail businesses are held—

	ORDINARY SHARES.	PREFERENCE SHARES.
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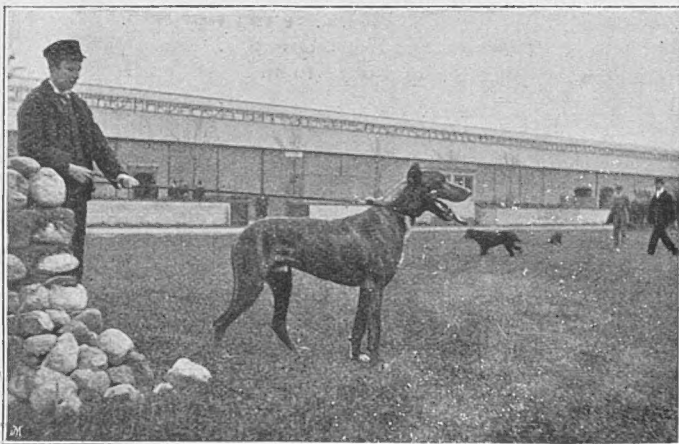
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## A CHAT WITH MISS DOROTHY DORR.

When I saw it announced that Miss Dorothy Dorr was to take a chief part in the new play at the Comedy (says a *Sketch* representative), I was assailed by a wonder why such a charming actress had been so long absent from our boards. I turned up an old book of press cuttings, and came across such phrases as "It would be by no means easy to overpraise so refined, highly finished, and pleasing a performance as hers in the part of Lytton's lachrymose heroine"; "Miss Dorothy Dorr, as the ill-used wife, did more than all the others to keep the play together"; "Miss Dorothy Dorr, as the wife, showed that she is as clever in farce as in farcical comedy, which is saying a great deal." Why should the handsome young American actress, who, in 1891, was the successful leading lady at the Vaudeville, have disappeared? was a question that drove me as far as a pretty little house in St. John's Wood.

"The answer is quite easy," said Miss Dorr. "In 1893 I got a bad attack of pneumonia, which almost killed me, and for six months made me a wreck. Then, after that I got married, and, later on, I——"

At that moment, through the window, I saw a nurse wheeling a perambulator in the garden.

"That, I presume, explains the rest of the absence?"

She nodded. "And you really have come back in earnest?"

"Oh, yes. Quite in earnest. I'm still stage-struck, though I've lost many illusions. Do I like my part in the new Sardou play? Well, it's not the part I want. May I make a confession safely to you?"

"Certainly. What you say will be taken down, altered, and used against you, as Brookfield said in some piece whose name I forget."

"Well, I'll risk it. I don't want Sardou parts—I want to play an Ibsenesque character. I think Ibsen was the first to put real individuals instead of types on the stage—worn-out types, too often. In his plays, it's so delightful to get away from the old routine. I do want to appear as one of his unconventional women! Only——"

"Only?"

"Oh! I'm not altogether an Ibsenite. I admire immensely what he does, but I wish he were not so pessimistic—wish he would use his wonderful skill for character-drawing in giving nobler, more heroic creatures. However, as they are, they have breath and life, and are fascinating."

"I think," observed what an Irishman might call a third party to our *tête-à-tête*, "that, great as they are, neither Ibsen nor Pinero are really more than pioneers. They are creating and developing the new method of dramatic writing which someone else will put to broader use, and employ in giving healthier, nobler characters than a Hedda, a Hilda, a Nora, a Paula, or an Agnes Ebbsmith."

The wise interviewer knows that Ibsen has wrecked interviews as well as broken friendships, so I asked impertinently, in at least one sense of the word: "Why did you come to England? How did you get on in America?"

"I got on very well. Mother used to say that the Church trained me for the stage, for quite early I used to sing, recite, and act for amateur charity entertainments. Where was I born? Boston. My father was a distinguished physician and Brigade Surgeon during the War. I was stage-struck, so I went to the Academy of Dramatic Art, which used the Berkeley Lyceum Theatre under Franklin Sarjeant, and was allied with the Theatre of Arts and Letters, which does work like that of your Independent Theatre. Charles Frohman saw me act at the Academy, and asked me, at a moment's notice, to appear in Chicago as heroine of 'Held by the Enemy.' Do you know the piece?"

"Oh, yes! it had a success here."

"My people laughed at my audacity, but I had the laugh next day, when they saw the notices on my performance. My success caused Frohman to bring me to the Fifth Avenue Theatre—yes, New York—to appear in 'The Golden Giant.' After that I had a succession of leads—in 'A Possible Case,' by Rosenfeld, in 'Robert Ellsmere,' in 'Shenandoah,' &c., so you see I——"

"You left America because you were successful, others for contrary reasons—but why?"

"Because of the difference between American and English stage direction. I found that I was advancing in my career, but not in my art. In America the stage-manager is a tyrant; he insists on your doing things his way, will not allow you, whatever your concept of the part, to make a move or gesture according to your own ideas. It may be a good method for teaching beginners, but it's fatal to one's individuality. Here, of course, it's different; you're helped, not hindered, by the stage-director. To give you an idea: Some time ago an American stage-manager came across to produce an American piece with an English company. He began in his usual way: wanted to show everyone what to do and how to do it—they wouldn't stand it, but laughed at him and guyed him till he changed his tactics. Well, I found that under that system I was becoming a mere automaton, and losing interest in my work. So I came over to England in hopes of an engagement."

"But surely all the American players are not so treated?"

"So far as I know, most, except the actor-managers or manageresses. I came to Europe in July, 1890, and for six months studied singing for grand opera in Paris under Madame Lagrange. Then I got an offer of the wife's part in 'Diamond Deane,' at the Vaudeville, and took it. In consequence of my success I was engaged as leading lady for the theatre, and played as Clara in 'Money,' as Mrs. Doring in 'The Honourable Herbert,' and in 'Saints and Sinners,' 'Happy Returns,' and in Mrs. Musgrave's 'Dick Wilder.' After a short trip home, I came back, and took Mrs. Patrick Campbell's part in 'The Lights of Home,' and the heroine's in 'The Lost Paradise.' Then came the pneumonia."

"So you prefer our theatres? I hope you'll stay with us?"

"Yes, I've grown to love London, and I hope to make it my home. I like your theatres best, because I feel that, on the whole, a better class of people are connected with them; there seems a less commercial spirit in your actor-managers than our managers, or, at least, they make the art aspect more important, and keep back the trade side of the matter."

"I suppose you are nervous, like most actresses?"

"Oh, no, not at all! I'm lucky enough to feel oblivious of the audience, and unconcerned, and not self-conscious. Did I see Duse? Oh, yes! she's the greatest actress I ever saw in some respects. She has wonderful power and expression, but—I say it with bated breath—she does not seem to me to realise and differentiate the characters. Her splendid, fascinating individuality is too strong for the necessary self-suppression. Why, as Nora——"

"It's a beautiful part."

"Oh, I do so want a fine unconventional part that I can play according to my own ideas. I'd run the risk."

"And I'm sure, from my knowledge of your delightful gifts, you would come out brilliantly."

"You're very kind to say so. Don't you think that in one of Ib——?"

"I think that I'm three miles from home, and have several hours' work to do, and have had a delightful chat, and am most unwilling to say good-bye to one of the most charming actresses and women I have ever had the pleasure of seeing, hearing, and meeting."

## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

CHARACTERS: CAPTAIN TREVOR ROSS and KITTY DAYRELL.

SCENE: *Boudoir in a country house; the hour before dinner.*

CAPTAIN R. Is this true?

KITTY D. Is what true?

CAPTAIN R. Why (*touching a diamond ring on her left hand*), that——

KITTY D. (*with a nervous laugh*). They look rather real. (*To herself*). It has to come.

CAPTAIN R. Don't, Kit—for Heaven's sake, don't jest! Does it mean——?

KITTY D. That I am engaged? Yes!

CAPTAIN R. And to that beast——?

KITTY D. You mean Sir Thomas Waring?

CAPTAIN R. I beg your pardon. I forgot myself. You never told me——

KITTY D. I was going to. I hoped that the usual rumours would have reached you, and then it would have been easier.

CAPTAIN R. And you throw me off as easily as a worn-out glove!

KITTY D. The glove wasn't of the material I wanted.—(*To herself*).—I can't stand tragedy. (*Aloud*). Are you very surprised now?

CAPTAIN R. I ought not to be, ought I? It is not so very original to find a woman preferring wealth to an honest love. Only, somehow—I thought you——

KITTY D. That I might be different. Why did you—why should you place me on a pedestal? Why should you think me better than others?"

CAPTAIN R. Because I loved you. It really sounds quite out of place nowadays—that a man who really loves a woman likes to think of her as a queen among women. I'm afraid I'm rather old-fashioned to even mention it.

KITTY D. Yes, it's a bit too ideal for everyday, and I am decidedly prosaic. (*Aside*). I wish he had not said it. (*Aloud*). Trevor—I—couldn't help it.

CAPTAIN R. No woman can when she means to do a thing at the cost of another. You never could have cared for me.

KITTY D. Yes—I did—a year ago. You have been away six months, and when you wrote to say affairs had gone badly, and we should be practically poor, I began to find that my love didn't reach the heights of thinking the world well lost.

CAPTAIN R. You met a very rich man, that is the true explanation. I suppose it would be next door to an impossibility for a woman to resist these things. (*Touching ring and diamond bangle*). I should be grateful that you are honest; in time, no doubt, I shall be—at present, I feel a little out with the world. I was fool enough to think your eyes hid a soul.

KITTY D. And you are astonished to find an Undine, or rather, a butterfly, and butterflies can't stand the dullness of the domestic hearth.

CAPTAIN R. (*looking at her*). I suppose not. There is no more to be said. I offer my best congratulations, Miss Dayrell. (*Going*).

KITTY D. Trevor, don't say it so coldly—we can be friends.

CAPTAIN R. Yes. (*Returning, looks straight at her*). No; acquaintances. I can't play that game. You have made your choice—that finishes it.

KITTY D. You are hard. I want to give you back this. (*Holds out plain gold ring*).

CAPTAIN R. Why trouble? (*Takes it*). It was rather too plain to be attractive. It's better there. (*Throws it into the fire—watches it*). Good-bye, Miss Dayrell. (*Goes out*).

KITTY D. (*looking after him*). Poor Trevor, I didn't think he would take it like that. Why couldn't I? Out of the question! (*Sighs*). Time to go and dress. I wonder if Parker has put out my new gown.

R. M. B.





MISS DOROTHY DORR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen's long railway journey from Nice to Darmstadt was admirably managed, and was got through without the slightest hitch, the royal train arriving precisely at the time fixed. Her Majesty was not greatly fatigued, as the night-saloon affords all the accommodation of the most luxurious bedroom, and the speed of the train was considerably reduced during the night. The royal party lunched and dined in the train, as there were no long halts during the journey. The Queen was greatly pleased with her stay at Nice, and her health and spirits have both been much benefited. A tent was pitched in the gardens of the Hôtel, and here, when the weather permitted, the Queen transacted her public business and read the newspapers.

The Queen's visit to Darmstadt has been of quite a private character, and there were no special Court or military functions during her stay. Her Majesty took a long drive every afternoon, and each evening there was a family dinner-party at the Palace. The Empress Frederick was a great deal with the Queen, and the Countess Erbach-Schönberg, sister of the Princess of Battenberg, was given an audience by her Majesty.

When leaving Nice, the Queen made the usual pleasant speeches about the beauty of the neighbourhood and the civility of the inhabitants, and the delighted people of Nice are already stating confidently that her Majesty intends paying another visit to the Riviera next spring. It is the custom of royal personages to make civil remarks of this kind, and the Queen said the same things on leaving Baveno, Mentone, Biarritz, and Hyères, but she has never revisited any of these places.

A Government Messenger left London on Monday evening for Flushing with the Cabinet boxes and despatches, which were read and answered by the Queen during the passage, and they were all returned on Tuesday night to the various offices.

Should the Bishop of Rochester be sufficiently recovered from his recent severe attack of illness, he is to be present at the Council at Windsor Castle this week, when the Speaker is to be sworn in. The Queen has revived the old practice of having the Clerk of the Closet constantly in attendance at Court, which has been in abeyance since the death of George IV. The post of the Clerk of the Closet is eagerly competed for, as it brings the fortunate holder into close personal relations with the Queen, although the emoluments of the position only amount to seven pounds a-year.

Lady Gertrude Molyneux is to succeed Lady Eva Greville as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York. Lady Gertrude was for many years Princess May's most intimate and trusted friend, and the Duchess was anxious that she should be appointed Lady-in-Waiting on her marriage—indeed, the matter was all arranged, save for the public announcement of it. However, in deference to the wishes of an exalted personage, Lady Eva Greville obtained the coveted position; but now the Duchess is able to gratify her own desires, and Lady Gertrude has the refusal of the post.



THE BEACONSFIELD STATUE ON PRIMROSE DAY.

Photo by Mrs. Welford.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy, who is better known perhaps as "Toby, M.P."—under which pseudonym, since the death of Tom Taylor, he has written the "Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*—is in his fiftieth year. He was born near Liverpool, where, later on, he was apprenticed to a merchant. At the age of nineteen he joined the staff of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, and six years afterwards came to London, and wrote much for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Then, in 1873, he transferred his services to the *Daily News*, with which he has since been connected, writing the Parliamentary descriptive article with considerable knowledge of the men whom he sketches. He proudly recalls the fact that, in 1878, his Letters, published in the *Daily News*, resulted in a subscription of £10,000 being received from the public in aid of the Welshmen suffering from the strike. He has written more than one story; his novel, "Gideon Fleyce," is a readable and accurate picture of journalistic and Parliamentary life. His books include "East by West," "The Record of a Journey Round the World," and three volumes of Parliamentary Diary, full of good things. The first volume—if I recollect rightly—is dedicated to Lord Rosebery, who suggested its publication, and the third volume to Mr. Balfour, "the chief product" of the period which Mr. Lucy selects for history. Rather to the surprise of most people, he accepted the editorship of the *Daily News* in 1886, after Mr. Frank Hill; but eighteen months sufficed to prove to him that an office in Bouverie Street was more wearisome and less interesting than the Gallery of the House of Commons, so he resigned. Mr. Lucy has many friendships among members of all sections of the House, and he and Mrs. Lucy have the art of giving delightful dinner-parties.



MR. HENRY LUCY.

The family annals of Viscount Valentia, the victorious candidate for Oxford, contain one of the most interesting of those "Romances of the Peerage" in which our history abounds. The strange events of the last century, to which I refer, are delightfully set forth by the late Charles Reade in his "Wandering Heir," a tale which formed the Christmas Number of the *Graphic* in 1872, and was admirably illustrated. Playgoers of a former generation will recollect the dramatic edition of this story first at the "New Queen's," then at the St. James's. The principal parts were played by Edmund Leathes and Mrs. John Wood. Leathes was an actor who ought to have made a considerable mark, for his performance of James Annesley, the rightful heir, who is deported by a wicked uncle to the plantations, was admirable. I remember Mrs. John Wood as Philippa Chester very well. She was quite a slim thing in those days, and her acting as the vivacious girl, masquerading as a boy, was delightful. Annesley was as blind as Orlando, and could not see that his friend, Philip was a woman. Even when this was disclosed, he persisted in calling her Philip, and I can hear Mrs. John Wood's voice now as she corrected him with Philip-pa! The great novelist leaves his hero victorious and in possession of his property and his lady-love, but the stern facts of history tell us how the result of the great trial was set aside on a "writ of error," and ere a new one could be begun the "Wandering Heir" untimely died, leaving the "wicked uncle" of the romance in undisputed possession of title and estates.

By the way, had Charles Reade lived to see this present year of grace, how gratified he would have been with the Report of the Prisons Commission just published. Reading a *résumé* of this important document, whose recommendations may or may not bear fruit, one is taken back to that stirring novel, "It is Never Too Late to Mend." The Commissioners might have gone straight to the Rev. Francis Eden—that most unselfish of prison chaplains, whose sentiments have stirred the "gods" on many an occasion in the dramatised version of Reade's story—for their opinion as to the treatment of criminals as human beings and not as hopelessly bad machines. If anyone doubts the accuracy of my statement, let him open "Never Too Late to Mend" and read those chapters that form the middle part of the volume and deal with the prison life of that period, and he will find that I am not far wrong in making this statement. Charles Reade's ideas were treated as visionary when the book was first published, but they seem to be within measurable distance of being fulfilled.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, who wrote "The Curse of Intellect," is an excellent mathematician. It is said of her that at fourteen years of age she was so proficient in mathematics that she might have taken a degree. That scientific bias she probably inherits from her distinguished father, but where does the novel-writing bent come from? Still, Lord Salisbury's influence is visible even in this, for that a mathematician should write a story to show that intellect is a curse is paradoxical enough to delight the statesman who often entertains us with similar sallies.

The inherited and versatile talent of the Carroduses, Hanns, Oulds, Harpers, and other families of musicians is well known. Less familiar may be the fact that a son of that admirable violoncello-player, Mr. Edward Howell, is acting in the provinces. He has assumed the name of Seguinta.



A few evenings ago, while at "The Orient," I heard a visitor talking to one of the stall-holders in French with what seemed to me an exceedingly pure accent. When he had made his purchase, someone behind the stall remarked, "A Parisian, isn't he?" "Good gracious, no!" replied the man who had attended to him; "how could he be a Parisian with an accent like that?" Then I recollected an incident which is not, perhaps, unfunny. I was in the South of France, and because none of the waiters at the hotel laughed when I gave them orders, I imagined my accent must be like Cæsar's wife. On the second morning of my visit I awoke to the fact that I was without a *boutonnière*, and went to the market to purchase one. There was a stall that would have done credit to Covent Garden, and a bewitching *houiri* behind the same who would have been worthy of the front row in the Empire Ballet. I wandered around until I noticed that she was just completing a dainty floral confection that would be the very thing. So I smiled with all possible sweetness and said, "Combien est-ce, m'amie?" To my delight, the fair one looked up and smiled; to my disgust, she said, with a great effort, "I speak a little ze Eenglish."

The ugly charge of plagiarism is one that is often circulated without due consideration. It is more than possible—indeed, it is probable—that the same idea may occur to different people, being reached by trains of thought having no connection one with the other. A very unfortunate case came to my notice a few days ago. A friend of mine, who has attained some measure of literary success, has been at work on a novel for the past three years. He has spared no trouble that could aid the accuracy of his work, has been into some very out-of-the-way places for local colour, and kept a deal of bad company for the sake of character-sketches. Within the past year a play has been produced which might have been inspired by his book, and within the past six months a book has been published dealing with some of the scenes upon which he relied for a big success. Now, if he should think fit to complete and publish the work of more than three years of his life, he may be at once accused of plagiarism, and the versatile critic who can name the play and the book to which this later novel would bear so marked a resemblance would pat himself on the back and talk of plagiarism as one of the disgraces to literature. Yet, having known this man for years, I am well convinced that he is incapable of borrowing as much as a phrase from any author, living or dead. But who would believe this, who knew nothing about the matter?

Those who saw Simms, the American jockey, ride recently at Newmarket, were greatly amused. I was taking an off-day, after the fatigues of Easter Monday, and saw the horse Eau Gallie in the Paddock before the race. Everybody was commenting on the shortness of the animal's stirrups, but none of the "fancy" took him seriously; and the commission was no sooner on, at five to one and eleven to two, than the wily bookmakers allowed the price, at one time, to go out to ten to one, and found very little business, most of the money, like my own hard-earned savings, going on Sir Blundell Maple's *Estar* or Captain Machell's *Erin*. As soon as they started, Simms, on Eau Gallie, jumped off with a lead and rode for his life. There was no waiting on the others and a rush in the last few yards. The coloured one went like a schoolboy doing the quarter-mile, and, as far as could be seen through my glasses, seemed to be trying to put his hands in the horse's mouth. After winning, and the "All right" was shouted, Campbell, the American trainer, shampooed Eau Gallie and gave him a drink, two proceedings that were fresh to my experience. The shouting and cheering were very great, although the victory hit the backers, which fact shows that the race of sportsmen is not extinct.

Talking to a well-known sporting man about the peculiar method of riding adopted by American jockeys, he told me a funny anecdote about a famous American rider, whose name I have forgotten. He rode with exceptionally short stirrups, and held the reins, as usual, just behind the horse's ears. During a big race, which he was expected to win, his left rein broke. The jockey was equal to the emergency. Riding as he did, it was only necessary to stretch his hand a little lower down to seize the bit on the side of the broken rein. This he did, and steered the horse to victory with his hand. Speaking as an occasional visitor to race-land, I should like to see American jockeys win a few more races on English grounds, even though, as at Newmarket, the fancy of my heart ran second. It would, I think, make certain races more interesting; it would bring out everything that a horse could do, and would deal a blow to the "waiting" system, which does no credit to horse or man. Of course, I am aware that restraint is sometimes as necessary to a jockey as to a journalist, but the need for an exception should never degenerate into the justification of a rule.

Under the title of "London of To-Day," Mr. C. E. Pascoe is issuing a monthly guide to pretty nearly all the activities of the Metropolis which are usually chronicled in the daily papers. From this periodical a visitor can tell the political and social fixtures of the current month, the forthcoming sports and amusements, meetings of learned and other societies—in short, a mass of information of the utmost service. "London of To-Day" is admirably arranged and tastefully printed, and ought to be particularly useful in clubs, hotels, and restaurants.

London has not so many entertainers that it can afford to neglect one. The death of Mr. Corney Grain has left a vacancy which will never be filled exactly, but I am glad to hear of more than one artist

who is devoting his or her talents to the amusement of drawing-room audiences. The latest is Miss Beatrice Herford, whose father, Dr. Brooke Herford, is well known and esteemed in Unitarian circles. I spent a very pleasant time in the comfortable Salle Erard, Great Marlborough Street, W., on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Herford made her debut. There was a tremendous crowd, and "W. A.," Zangwill, and I could hardly find standing room, and not more than half a square foot of that per head. Miss Herford is a handsome, fair girl, with an expressive face and a voice with which she can do what she pleases—it pleases others, too. Her monologues showed an Irish or American—or Irish-American—appreciation of the term, for, putting aside "The Shop-Girl"—apologies to Mr. Harry Dam!—her recitals, such as "The Tram Baby" and the "Board-School Cinderella," involved several speakers, whose voices she admirably differentiated. These "original sketches" were so cleverly written that I should like to know whether Miss Herford was the composer. When I left, the author of "The Master" was prowling about seeking to learn who wrote them. Miss Herford is so remarkably gifted and her performance so good that she is bound to make a big hit. As for Mrs. Henschel's singing—well, I wish I were still at the Salle Erard listening to her.



BEGGING FOR 'BACCY.

Photo by Hans, Strand.

The President of the Royal Academy has conceived the brilliant idea of asking Mr. Pinero to make a speech at the Academy banquet. You see that the Drama, if not exactly the Cinderella of the arts, sits down at this table on sufferance, and is rarely invited to be articulate. A few years ago Mr. Irving was among the orators at the Academy dinner. That was the first innovation. When an artist like Sir Edward Burne-Jones is not above designing scenery for the Lyceum, it does not seem unreasonable that an actor should have a word to say for the stage when painters and literary gentlemen are gathered together. But that, as I have said, was some years ago, and it has taken the Academy all that time to discover that a dramatist is not unworthy of honour at the festive board of Burlington House. So the Drama is to pop up again with a representative in the person of Mr. Pinero. Who says the Academy is exclusive?

By the way, Mr. Irving will this week revive "Bygones," one of Mr. Pinero's earliest pieces. The author of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" made his first essay as a dramatist at the Lyceum, some fifteen years ago, with "Daisy's Escape," and "Bygones" was produced at the same theatre not long afterwards. In this piece Mr. Pinero originally played the principal character, that of an old professor who has an unfortunate love-affair. I can still see him, with a bouquet he has brought for the lady, forlornly picking it to pieces when he learns that she is not for him. Now, it will be interesting to see one of Mr. Pinero's early plays at the Lyceum; but how much more interesting to see a new drama of his on those classic boards! In Mr. Irving's triple bill this week, two of the pieces, "Bygones" and "The Story of Waterloo," are modern. If Mr. Irving can make a change from the poetic and romantic traditions of his theatre by playing a character part in Conan Doyle, surely he might achieve a notable success in Pinero.



It is somewhat strange, and not a little pathetic, that the two men most interested in the new National Portrait Gallery, now fast nearing completion as an annexe to our National Gallery, should both have died before their work was complete. First, there was the death of the architect, Mr. Ewan Christian, and now that of Sir George Scharf, the director. Sir George had been ailing for some time, but was, I believe, only actually laid up for a few weeks before his death. I remember meeting him at Christie's—I think early last year—and, on my asking him when the new building was to be finished and his treasures arranged therein, he, half-seriously, half-jokingly, told me that such delays had occurred that *he*, probably, would never live to carry out his work. He seemed hale and hearty enough then, though somewhat bowed by years of work, and I little thought his ill-omened words would prove a true prophecy.

Talking of Christie's reminds me that, during the course of the next few days, two sales will take place in these historic rooms, both of which will interest a wider circle than the art connoisseurs and art dealers who are their most usual habitués. The first is that of the pictures of her Grace the late Dowager Duchess of Montrose, which will be held on Saturday. Among the many important works which will then be put up for auction, and which include examples of Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Romney, are a whole series of sporting subjects by J. Ferneley, the great Leicestershire horse-painter who, forty years ago, was a rival of Abraham Cooper and the elder Herring. Most of the Ferneleys are portraits of well-known racehorses and hunters. By the way, among "Mr. Manton's" pictures there is a likeness of Flying Dutchman by Herring, and there are several fine Landseers.

The other sale referred to is that of the Lyne Stephens collection, interesting to theatre-goers who remember the traditions of the late Mrs. Lyne Stephens, as that of the pictures of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose is of interest to the sporting fraternity. The Lyne Stephens sale begins on May 9, and will last nine days. Here the pictures, though good (there are several fine examples of Velasquez), do not by any means form the most important part. The first and second days will be devoted to a wonderful array of English, French, and Oriental porcelain, to fine old decorative furniture, and to sculpture. These particular objects of art will also occupy attention on the later days, with wonderful bronzes, enamels, and Japanese lacquer. There is, I believe, a very interesting lot of snuff-boxes in the collection. On the ninth day, my lady readers will be interested to learn, a collection of plate and jewels will come under the hammer. This sale will be one of the most important of the present season.

I have just had a delightful and memorable trip to Ireland, and yet I turned back to town right gladly, for to me there is no city in the world like London. I was trying to think out why London possesses such magnetic powers, when I was saved the trouble by reading an article in the *City Press*—a paper that never fails to interest me—on "The Charm of London." All other cities seem to be beloved by their inhabitants. "To the Londoner alone is elannishness an unknown quantity," says the writer, and yet, regarded from the historical standpoint alone, "London loses all its squalor and assumes an attractiveness that no one, however lacking in the gift of imagination, can possibly resist." That exactly expresses one side of my love for London. The rest to the mind such a view presents is far greater than those who have never tried to look with imagining eyes have any idea of; and it was in a moment of such rest that this rhyme came to my aid—

Some folk adore a rural nook,  
With fields, and birds, and spreading trees;  
And others love a rippling brook,  
Where one may fish all day with ease.  
And yet I cannot but confess  
That none of these for me possess  
The charm of London Town.

They say the roses never blow  
Amid the city smoke;  
And that the daisies cannot grow,  
Nor yet the stately oak.  
To me the flowers are close at hand—  
"The iron lilies of the Strand"  
Bloom fair in London Town.

The Pipes of Pan are still, and yet  
There's music in the street—  
The weird piano-organette  
That rouses twinkling feet.  
The music of the rolling drum  
Is discord to the traffic-hum  
That booms in London Town.

The nights are charmed; when shadows ead  
Their pall across the maze,  
You watch the river flowing past,  
The bridges all ablaze.  
Bemirrored in the darkening sky,  
And in the silent waters lie  
The Lights o' London Town.

The streets, with all their dust and din,  
Have yet their storied dower  
In narrow lane and ancient inn,  
The Temple and the Tower.  
Perchance the country is more fair,  
And yet for me it can't compare  
With grand old London Town.

The old-fashioned, much-enduring governess, with every cardinal virtue and possible accomplishment, hired at thirty pounds per annum upwards, has happily withdrawn under a newer administration. But the exacting employer still survives, and is to be met with at isolated intervals. I was staying with a friend lately whose standard of perfection, as applied to her children's bear-leader, is exalted to the coldest heights of perfection. The rarefied atmosphere of her schoolroom naturally resulted in a succession of failures, but, still unconvinced, she commissioned her brother, who was staying in town, to look out for another completely equipped person, whose long list of necessary qualifications went by same post. His answer came quickly, which should be preserved to posterity as a lesson to the unreasoning Eternal Feminine: "Dear Nella,—I'll devote myself with ardour to finding a lady such as you describe; but if I meet her, instead of your fifty pounds a-year, I shall most certainly offer myself, if she will have me." And I hope the rebuke gave my *exigeant* friend some wholesome contemplation.

Society is beginning to wake up early this season as far as dancing is concerned. Three big dances on Drawing-Room day to set the ball rolling, and after that every night in May, more or less, is booked by the pirouetting contingent. Lady Ridley's three receptions at Carlton House Terrace are among favourite fixtures, and, altogether, May is offering a more than ordinarily lively lead to the following season months.

Herr Hermann Levi, who conducted the first of the series of Wagner Concerts at Queen's Hall, is the third member of the great triumvirate that includes Felix Mottl and Hans Richter. With them he divides the glory of directing the musical forces at Bayreuth, and he certainly has played a notable part in establishing the standard (in Germany, at any rate) to be attained in the interpretation of Wagnerian opera.

Born at Giessen, Hesse-Darmstadt, in 1839, the present Kapellmeister at Munich began by studying music under Vincenz Lachner at Mannheim, and afterwards at the Leipsic Conservatoire. Later on he turned to good account a year spent in Paris, mixing freely with the musical lions who then had their "habitat" in the French capital. A landmark in his career was reached by his conducting the performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth in 1882, since which time his renown as a conductor has spread far and wide. The Brussels musical public had, more than a year ago, the privilege of making the acquaintance of Hermann Levi, which Londoners have only just obtained.

The painter, Franz von Lenbach, is an intimate friend of his, and has made Levi often figure among his portrait gallery, sometimes as an Arab sheik, sometimes as a Christ. Hermann Levi's countenance is singularly attractive, and the ever-varying expression in his fine eyes has been reproduced again and again by the German artist.

In these days insurance is making such rapid strides that nearly every ill poor flesh is heir to can be guarded against by means of timely premiums. There is yet, I venture to think, one evil that is still unprotected—I refer to what is called "gaining experience." It is an evil with forms innumerable, and breaks out in many and virulent forms with the male sex, on whose behalf I write. Getting intoxicated, backing losing horses, gambling and speculating, flirting with bar-maidens, and getting engaged to ladies of the chorus—all these forms of "gaining experience" are practically left alone by insurance companies. Nevertheless, on a carefully worked-out system, the rising generation could be guarded against the effects of these harmless, necessary indiscretions. Every young, intelligent man could, by a short study of the doctrines of heredity, learn the particular indiscretion to which he would, in the ordinary course of events, become addicted. Then he could insure himself, and go upon his way rejoicing. Where a general predisposition to all indiscretions was apparent, premiums would be high; where there had been County Councillors or leader-writers among the ancestors, it would be low. Such a system, whose promotion after the publication of this paragraph will surely only be a matter of time, would help all men against themselves, and the payment of premiums would ultimately bring about the eradication of all sins from mankind. And then won't existence be dull!

The Post Office authorities have of late been giving the public better value for money in the matter of post-cards, but they will doubtless be distressed to hear that I am not yet satisfied. Abroad, my just indignation at being compelled to pay a foreign Government a penny to send a few words to London is often tempered by finding a nice illustration of some prominent place in the particular town printed on the card. This approach to the beautiful, however slow, is pleasing, for there are great possibilities before it. Why does not our Government give us something good in the way of colour-printing on post-cards and envelopes? There are buildings innumerable in London well worthy of reproduction, and philatelists would have an excuse for existence if they collected beautiful things. The cost would be very small, and could be well afforded by a department that yields so much to the revenue as does the Post Office. There is only one little point on which it is to be hoped England would not imitate foreign countries—where, as a matter of fact, the printing is probably done for advertisement, and without Governmental authority—it is giving the illustration on that side of the card reserved for correspondence. Such a proceeding is extremely mean. Let us have the beautiful by all means, but let it be fixed up on the side "reserved exclusively for the address."



The young actresses of the day has little of the romance about her history which was once supposed to be inseparably connected with her. But this is not the case with Miss Bertha Staunton, a young lady who has been seen in the last two Lyceum pantomimes. She early displayed leanings towards the stage, which her friends sought to subdue by sending her to a convent. But that only strengthened her resolve, and by the time she was fourteen she had twice run away from her Alma Mater in the hopes of attaining her ambition. Although now scarcely eighteen years of age, Miss Staunton has already given ample proof of the wisdom of her selection of the stage as a profession. Her voice attracted the attention of Mr. Charles Santley, and it was probably due



MISS BERTHA STAUNTON.

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

to the efforts she made, in consequence of his encouragement, that she succeeded, in 1893, in obtaining her first theatrical engagement at the Lyceum Theatre in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime of "Cinderella," which, later on, she accompanied to America. While in New York, she received offers of some tempting engagements, but, returning to London, she was rewarded with a place in "The Queen of Brilliants." She afterwards played Lady Plymdale in a "Lady Windermere's Fan" company on tour, and also took part in Mr. Oscar Barrett's "Santa Claus" pantomime at the Lyceum last Christmas. A very quick understudy, she is often called upon to fulfil minor engagements in that useful capacity. In addition to being a reciter, she is also a clever violinist.

At the close of his season in New York, last Saturday week, Mr. Daly made an interesting little speech—

I am very glad to have this opportunity, ladies and gentlemen, of thanking you for the support given this season to my endeavours to preserve, in this theatre, the highest order of drama, and to keep its stage clean and worthy of the continued patronage of those who believe in the necessity for a family theatre in every community, where old and young may attend the play with equal pleasure and confidence. If I have not produced more new plays during the past winter for your entertainment, it has been because I have not been able to find good plays, with acceptable themes, which I thought worthy to be placed before you. Our authors, in this country as well as in England, France, and Germany, seem to be absorbed just now in the exploitation of the woman with a past, or she with several pasts; or the gentleman with no future, or he who does not believe in any future. I believe, however, I have secured for our next season such novelties as you will be pleased to enjoy, and in which Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert, and your other favourites in my company, may again give you some entertaining pictures of contemporaneous life. At the same time we have also in preparation our annual Shaksperian revival, and this time Miss Rehan will create a rôle of somewhat different complexion to those which already stand so high in her gallery of Shaksperian portraiture. Earlier in the autumn I have arranged with Sir Augustus Harris to bring here his own company in a very charming operetta called "Hansel and Gretel," which is quite the predominant musical sensation of Germany, and for this I have been fortunate enough to secure Herr Anton Seidl as conductor, and his engagement, I believe, will foreshadow, in some measure, the importance of this production.

I find I have not yet exhausted my stock of stage-wonders. Here, for instance, is the "most startling mechanical sensation of the age," a realistic vertical stone-sawing machine. Then, in another melodrama, not yet performed, there is to be introduced "the greatest sensational

property ever invented," this being shown in a set of some brickworks with machinery in motion; and, in the same play, the recent sinking of the Elbe is to be displayed in mimic fashion, four scenes being devoted to the unhappy liner and its fate. Thirdly, in a brand-new melodrama, patriotically entitled "England's Flag," there are some startling things.

To begin with, we have a British gunboat steaming up an Ashantee river, and shelling the hostile native forces. An act later, the heroine is bound by one of the villains (there are two, of course) to a post in a river, still in Ashantee, and left to be devoured by crocodiles. The author speaks of alligators, but, I think, in Africa these vicious saurians are called crocodiles. Anyhow, one of these monsters is just coming towards the post, to make a meal of the unhappy heroine, when the unjustly persecuted hero, who is serving as a private with the British troops, shoots it in the nick of time. I may throw in, as a mere trifle, that the principal villain ultimately blows himself up in a powder magazine.

The conviction of Louis Lefevre for forging theatre tickets ought to put people on their guard against the sale of tickets except at the recognised places. This man carried on a regular trade. The real tickets were skilfully imitated, and several people were employed in selling the counterfeits. By this means they passed from hand to hand, and were bought in good faith by simple-minded persons, who were innocent of the deception till it was detected at the theatre. As it is almost impossible to discover fraud of this kind at sight, the only safeguard of the playgoer is the purchase of tickets at the box-office or from authorised agents.

Douglas, Isle of Man, has my sincere sympathy. It is not allowed to dance in public halls after half-past ten at night. Even the harmless Cinderella is prohibited in Douglas, for to dance till midnight is contrary to official ideas of order and decorum. Such is the wisdom of the Manx House of Keys. It is worthy of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes.

Miss Gwendolen Floyd is, without doubt, one of the most promising of our younger actresses. The memory of her performance of Ophelia on the last two nights of the Haymarket season, when Mr. Tree gave us "Hamlet" before his departure for America, is still fresh in the memory of playgoers. As an *ingénue*, she has been most distinctly valuable to



MISS GWENDOLEN FLOYD.

Photo by Harold Baker, Birmingham.

the American and provincial *entrepreneurs* for whom she has played, with unvarying success, in a number of varied parts, achieving something very like a triumph as Ellean in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and further showing her versatility by playing Mrs. Tanqueray with great cleverness in place of Miss Cynthia Brooke, who has been transferred to the Adelphi. Miss Floyd is a niece of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I like to see a critic approaching the study of a great humorist without any sense of humour. There is something so heroic in this enterprise that it throws all the forlorn hopes in history into insignificance. The critic, who is, perchance, a blameless tutor or a solemn undergraduate, says to himself, "Let us consider this man in the light of morals, of consistency, most especially in the light of established institutions. What is his attitude towards the Church, the learned professions, the bonds of civil society? I fear his writings smack of irreverence, that he inclines too much to the painting of vice, that he has no proper respect for high station, that he is sometimes flippant towards the clergy. It is fitting that I should point out these things, so that the young may not be misled by gross caricature to despise their pastors and masters." I can imagine this to have been the state of mind in which the author of "Thackeray: a Study" set about his task. A conscientious spirit pervades the volume. "Barry Lyndon," we are told, is a masterpiece; but, alas! it contains no self-sacrificing heroism. It is the blameless tutor's painful duty to say that there is not one really good man or woman in the story. "Rebecca and Rowena," which most of us cannot read without wicked enjoyment, is condemned for the "wanton attack" on *Cœur-de-Lion*. But the gravest reprobation is reserved for the satire which, in the "Book of Snobs," strikes at the very foundation of our social system.

"The critical intelligence of the public," I read, "has not been slow to seize upon and to resent the one-sided aspect from which Thackeray viewed, and the liberty with which he treated, failings that have their root in the necessary conditions of life." Put into less august language, this simply means that snobbery and servility dislike exposure. I have no doubt that gentlemen who are cited from time to time in the law courts for excess of zeal in mercantile speculations, resent the liberties which the Bench takes with failings that have their root in the necessary conditions of commerce. Few of us can read "The Book of Snobs" with unruffled withers, for any satire, which has a wide-spread application and a piercing vision, is apt to be unpleasant, especially to the solemn undergraduate whose judgment oscillates between the "necessary conditions of life" and a craving for superlative virtue. So he assures us that snobbery is much exaggerated, and that the snob does not, as in Thackeray's definition, "meanly admire mean things," but admires the right things "overmuch, and despises without a sense of proportion."

Every snob ought to be grateful for this delicate consideration. If he ingratiates himself with money merely because it is money, if he is tuft-hunter to a title, if he is happy to get a nod from a sprig of nobility, and supercilious to his equals who have not had that honour, he can lay a hand on his manly heart and say, "Well, what of it? I like money, because I admire its splendid uses; I like to know a lord, because I admire our old nobility. If I look down on you, who are not so fortunate, there is nothing mean in that. At the worst, it is only a little out of proportion." That is a pleasing escape from the fact that snobbery which excuses, in the moneyed or the titled, vices or defects which are not excused in the poor and plebeian, is homage to mean things and not excess of devotion to what is justly admirable. Remembering the "necessary conditions of life," let us congratulate the solemn undergraduate on his philosophy. It may spare some heart-burnings to the snob who is not quite inured to his business. It may give the fully developed snob a soothing sense that, if he has a fault, that is only the over-abundance of virtue. "You can't alter the nature of men and snobs," says Thackeray, "by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back, you can't turn him into a zebra." But you can satisfy the snob that he is the pillar of our most sacred institutions; that the worship of rank or wealth, as distinguished from personal merit, is essential to civilisation; that the flippant satirist who wrote this down as snobbery is condemned by solemn undergraduates and other thoughtful persons; and that "The Book of Snobs" would never be read if it were not "enlivened by anecdotes."

Why have so many authors maligned the aristocracy? Why does it always pay to show up the morals of Mayfair? A writer in the *Figaro*, who signs himself "Britannicus," lets us into the secret. He says the literary man is consumed with jealousy of genealogical trees, coats-of-arms, and other appurtenances of ancient family. M. Jules Lemaitre once said that if aristocrats would only learn an occupation of some kind, instead of merely blooming like the lilies of the field, they would justify their existence. There you have the root of the enmity. When a man is born, not with a silver spoon, but with a quill in his mouth, he has an instinctive antipathy to the spoon.

It is this which would make the "writing fellows" dangerous to society, were it not for that beautiful ordinance of nature that our solemn undergraduate has so successfully vindicated. The most malignant scribe shows plainly enough that he would be a peer for the asking, quarter the spoon on his carriage-panels, and keep the quill for the ennobling purpose of penning invitations to dinner. Did not Thackeray say, despite his one-sided views, "Smith and I, were we dukes, would stand by our order"? Nay, science itself is a witness to this great truth. Force and Energy, as Mr. Edward Clodd reminds us in his excellent "Primer of Evolution," are the two great factors of the universe. Force, the leveller, would drive suns and satellites into one cold and solid mass. Energy, the distinguisher, keeps them, especially the satellites, in their proper places. I commend this illustration to the undergraduate for his next treatise.

The newspaper accounts of the carnival at Eastbourne are somewhat vague. Our English spring seems to have been taken aback by such unwonted festivity, for she doused the revellers with only one heavy shower. But what one particularly wishes to know is how the nobility, gentry, and *bourgeoisie* comported themselves, and how the constabulary bore an ordeal which must have uprooted their centre of gravity. For the sight of highly respectable persons, and persons whose respectability is—well, not absolutely assured, pelting one another with flowers, must have been extremely disturbing to the local police. How could they contemplate this chartered outrage on public order without feeling that somebody ought to be taken up? Strange to say, even the *Daily Chronicle* has not had the enterprise to interview the Chief Constable on this point. There is, indeed, a singular reticence about these proceedings. Every student of manners wants to be informed whether Eastbourne distinguished itself by a Continental *abandon*, or whether the entertainment was chastened by the native dignity of our race. When you come to think of it, a good deal is involved in this question. The last time I saw flowers hurtling in the air, some of the combatants danced. The marksman who made a specially brilliant shot testified his joy by a fantastic jig, distributing his arms and legs in wild profusion. That was in Paris, where they do these things without reserve. But the patriotic Briton, justly proud of our island decorum, might be rather upset if he were told that Eastbourne had scattered its limbs in the same manner.

As so little has been said about this battle of flowers, I infer that the merriment was not of a boisterous character. We are nothing if not economic, and the spectacle of so much waste must have chilled the most festive spirit. Perhaps the Eastbourne ratepayer wondered all the time whether this prodigal outlay on flowers would bring compensating grist to the town. Even in the highest rapture, the self-respecting citizen must keep an eye to business. When you reflect that flowers are costly at this season, and that they are rarely seen in April on dinner-tables, or even in button-holes, you may guess that, to pitch them recklessly about in the open street, Eastbourne needed no ordinary nerve. Here, at all events, is a safeguard against excess, and anybody who feared that the Continental *abandon* might become acclimatised on our shores may make his mind easy.

An article in the *Englishwoman*, on the Pioneer Club, rebukes flippant man for sneering at the title of that institution. It seems that he not only sneers, but hoots and hisses, thus combining the vocal energies of the owl and the goose; and yet it was the "brilliant brain of a man" that gave the club its name. There is a double-edged irony in this, for, if a woman's club cannot be christened without a man's aid, how can the members chant the battle-cry of freedom? I was never in the Pioneer Club but once—that was in the Cork Street days—and I remember meeting on the stairs a very small and severe boy in buttons, who looked at me as who should say, "Dogs are admitted, but men are tied up in the hall." I reached the drawing-room with shaken nerves, and found one other man there. We were not on speaking terms, but self-preservation knows no etiquette; and so we huddled together for protection, holding with trembling hands tea-cups which chattered in the saucers. In the *Englishwoman* I see a picture of the dining-room in Bruton Street, and I wonder what they eat, those Pioneers, and whether an impatient member ever backs her bill when the Sally Lunn is underdone. Is there a *chef*? Do the committee, like the man in George Meredith's story, "lay down" sherry at thirty shillings a dozen? The mere clubman is curious about these sordid details, but I dare say they are of no account in Bruton Street.

We the dinner-table scorning,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers;  
Tea and buns will keep us going,  
Pioneers, O Pioneers,





MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## SOME ROSALINDS OF THE PAST.



MRS. BARRY.

Miss Beatrice Lamb is the most recent Rosalind, for she appeared last week in the series of commemoration performances in the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon, under Mr. Ben Greet's direction.

An enchanting "dream of fair women" arises before the mental vision as we look back through the vista of years at the procession of Violas, Imogens, and Rosalinds displaying the graceful contour of the female form divine, while putting on "a swashing and a martial outside."

Foremost among the Rosalinds of the past was "the beautiful" Mrs. Booth, who played the part in 1723. "As You Like It" had remained since Shakspeare's time unacted till then, the delicate poetry of this pastoral play being, doubtless, thought likely to prove caviare to the vitiated palates and meretricious tastes of the playgoers under the Restoration. But even in 1723 it was only a garbled version, prepared by a certain Mr. Johnson, and called by him "Love in a Forest," that introduced the

beautiful Mrs. Booth as Rosalind, and Colley Cibber as the melancholy Jaques, to a delighted audience, assembled within the walls of Drury Lane Theatre on Jan. 19, 1723. What the play could have been like will be gathered from a short list of Mr. Johnson's improvements, interpolations, and excisions. Touchstone, Audrey, Corin, Phœbe, William, and Sylvius are suppressed entirely. Speeches taken bodily out of "Richard II.," "Much Ado," "Twelfth Night," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are put into the mouths of Rosalind, Orlando, and Charles, and the play concludes in a manner totally different from the ending of "As You Like It," as performed to-day. It is not wonderful that such a miserable hash proved indigestible, the public soon crying, "Hold—enough!" Nearly twenty years elapsed before "As You Like It," this time pretty nearly as Shakspeare wrote it, was again put on at Drury Lane, a charming Rosalind being found in Mrs. Pritchard, with Quin as Jaques and Chapman as Touchstone.

Again on the boards of Old Drury, on Dec. 20, 1747, Peg Woffington delighted all London as Rosalind. She revelled in the part, playing it constantly during the succeeding ten years. The character she loved so to impersonate was destined to be the one in which she was to make her last exit, and bid a long farewell to the public who idolised her. While speaking the epilogue to "As You Like It," she was seized with a sudden spasm of the heart, and, uttering a cry of pain, she staggered off the stage, never to return. By this time the part of Rosalind had become so popular that we find it associated with the names of all the



MRS. SIDDONS.

longer room for doubt: the universal verdict was in favour of Mrs. Siddons.

Of Rosalinds who will be "heard no more" mention should be made of Mrs. Nisbet, with her silvery laughter and coquettish teasing of Orlando; of those charming sisters, Miss Maria and Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean): she gave to the part a womanly tenderness and a delightful flavour of poetical feeling; and that other Rosalind who, more than thirty years ago, brought to the impersonation the cultured taste and the musical voice of Helen Faucit.

With the name of Helen Faucit the long list of Rosalinds of the past seems naturally to close, for, with the exception of some living actresses, few have since made a palpable hit in the character. There are some Rosalinds, however, who will not be forgotten—Carlotta Leclercq, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Amy Sedgwick, Lilian Neilson, in 1871, and again in 1876 and 1878, and Mrs. Scott-Siddons in 1867.



MISS M. TREE (1825).

leading actresses of the day: Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bulkeley, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Macklin, Miss Younge, and Mrs. Siddons, for, though quite out of her line, the great *tragédienne* essayed the part for her benefit in 1785, but her marked features, tragic manner, and extraordinary costume militated against her success. Two-thirds of the audience were in tears, mistaking the play for a tragedy. For the first time in a brilliant career the curtain fell on a complete failure. Two years later a sprightly *soubrette*, with laughing eyes, a musical voice, and a decidedly saucy manner, tripped on to the stage, and at once entered into the good graces of the audience. Undaunted by what a biographer called Mrs. Siddons' "scrupulous prudery," Mrs. Jordan, the new Rosalind, seemed rather anxious to display than to conceal the graceful outlines of her perfect figure. Applause and cheers greeted her. She had played Rosalind to perfection, but she had achieved more than this, for she had succeeded where Siddons had ignominiously failed. Henceforth Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Siddons were rivals, till, at length, each appeared as Imogen, a part making a far greater demand on the histrionic powers than that of Rosalind. There was no



MISS ABINGTON (1785).



MRS. JORDAN (1800).



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN."\*

Here is a novel in many ways excellent, full of thought, perception, and careful work. Yet, as we read, the question presents itself again and again, "Why is it not better?" For one thing, there is too much in the book for the story—a fault of which the public grows every year less tolerant. Mrs. Sarah Grand is pardoned for the sake of her brilliant extravagance, and Mrs. Humphry Ward for the sake of her ponderous air of solidity, which is a positive attraction to readers distrustful of novels as such. The author of "Transition," however, possesses neither of these atoning faults, and, therefore, episodic divergencies, like the meeting of Honora and the old Chartist, or like the election, with the humours of the bill-sticker, are felt as the hindrances which, in spite of their good points, they really are. Again, the volume lacks literary charm and distinction, and even the much-abused average public does, when all is said, feel the charm of style. The special gift of a voice of her own, a personal way of putting things as well as of seeing things, is not shown by the writer of this book. She uses words which express what she wants to say—not an everyday merit by any means—but she does not find those which make her meaning live and glow. Sometimes, indeed, she permits herself to use words in a manner that may, perhaps, be defended, but cannot possibly be approved; as, for instance, when she says that her heroine's eyes were "singularly unhistorical." Finally, in that part of the tale which has to do with politics and social reform, she appears more interested in the relation of her people to the ideas than in the relation of the ideas to her people, and in fiction this is fatal. It ought to matter less—in the novel—whether Paul's arguments are just than whether they suffice to convert Lucilla. But, partly, no doubt, because Paul argues so well, and still more because the matter of his arguments is of vital and contemporary interest, we find ourselves caring about what he says, and ceasing to think about him or his hearer. Perhaps it is hardly possible to write a story in which the living, growing, struggling ideas of our own day are touched with understanding, without running this risk of being overshadowed by them. Still, if contemporary politics of a vital kind are to come into a story at all, it is well that they should be written about with understanding, and with that inside view so singularly unattainable by people who "take up" a subject in order to write about it. "Transition" is written with understanding; and to guess that its author belongs to the Fabian Society would be a pretty safe conjecture. Persons to whom the name of that eminently constitutional body suggests visions of criminal lunacy may reassure themselves in a very comfortable and agreeable way by reading "Transition." Paul Sheridan may be accepted as a true picture of the typical, practical, County Council and House of Commons Socialist—all the more interesting for being a portrait of a certain individual. It is, however, surely a pity to have given an Irish name to a man in whom there is no single Irish trait. His mind, his temperament, his powers, and his limitations are all strictly—almost provincially—English; he could scarcely have been Scotch, and assuredly never Irish. "Your truest poetry is found in statistics," he would say. Now it is difficult to believe that the maker of that observation could have had so much as an Irish great-grandmother.

In admirable contrast to this kind, capable, competent, and indefatigable man of business, stands a girl who loves him and can never be satisfied with him. To her it is intolerable that a great cause—as she holds Socialism to be—should be content to go forward step by step, seizing an advantage here, slipping in a little useful reform there. Existing institutions are all wrong, then surely it must be wrong to use them. That Paul should go into Parliament is to her a shabby and silly compromise.

"I believe you want to die heroically in Trafalgar Square!" said he, suddenly inspired. "Now that marks the difference between us. I am simply engrossed in working out that matter of the gas and water. . . ."

"I promised to call round on Lyttelton. He is hard at work just now on a sketch of a Factory Act," said he, making a new effort to interest her.

"Yes, I hate a Factory Act!" returned Lucilla, who yearned to hear that the planet was in a blaze.

The person who hates a Factory Act and yearns for a general blaze is clearly out of touch with actual English life. Lucilla seeks some warmer food for her hungry imagination, and finds it in the talk of a little band of violent Anarchists. But when she finds the French leader of this group assuming that she is ready to accept him as a lover, and set out with him for Paris on a bomb-throwing expedition, she is wildly indignant and wounded to the very recesses of her being, so much wounded, indeed, that the shock, combining with habitual ascetic self-neglect, practically kills her.

To see and render the gradual progress of such division as arises between these two friends is no easy task, and, on the whole, it is fulfilled with remarkable success—

Neither was responsible and neither was to blame. Phases of mind and character are not synchronous, even between friends, and the people who jostle each other in the street are not of the same hour or century. This makes the difficulty and delicacy in human intercourse, the pain of it, and the sweetness of forbearance and forgiveness, or the bitterness of anger and revenge. But, after all, to Sheridan, when the most was said, the incident was but one in the day; a thousand calls would presently obliterate it from his mind. . . . Lucilla, to whom, on the contrary, every one of his words had fallen like a never-lifting pall, stopped short, feeling that the interview was at an end.

But, though the keenest strokes come in the history of Lucilla's alienation, it is not in Lucilla that the finest character-drawing is displayed. In Honora Kemball we have a picture of a really typically modern woman, differing not only in her circumstances, but in her whole mental and sentimental personality, from any possible heroine of a hundred years ago. Honora is not morbid; not hysterical, not greatly concerned about questions of sex; she is kind, cheerful, extraordinarily competent, wholesomely averse from any form of self-sacrifice, and as real as life. From certain foibles and certain forms of obtuseness she is not free, but even her follies lean to reason's side. She makes an admirable head-mistress of a school, and would, in due time, become an equally admirable mother of healthy children. Women of this type are the women who will survive in the modern struggle, no less certainly than women of the type of Lucilla will perish. We have all, of late, considered the case of the woman with a past; it is refreshing to turn for once to the woman with a future.

## WHO THE AUTHOR IS.

Who wrote "A Superfluous Woman"? One asks the question eagerly, because the novel stood clearly out from the whole series of sex-books by reason of its matter and manner alike. Its style

especially was admirable after the chaotic grammar and syntax of most of its rivals. And the identity of the author is still more interesting at the present moment, for a new book, "Transition," has just appeared from the same pen. It is not surprising to learn that the author of "A Superfluous Woman" and "Transition" is a woman—to wit, Miss Emma Brooke. On her mother's side she is a descendant of an old Cheshire yeoman's family, and she is the daughter of a landlord and capitalist. The earliest influence which gave a cast to her character and thought was the fact that she was born in a village which had been, in a measure, the creation of her maternal grandfather, who was a great employer of labour there. There was a great deal that was picturesque, and much that was excessively gloomy and repressed, in Miss Brooke's early surroundings. Her upbringing was very religious, with a leaning towards the ascetic and austere. At the same time, she had, in her out-of-the-way village life, particular opportunities of observing the rougher side of human nature. There was, indeed, in the experience of her sisters and herself something parallel to that of the Brontës of Haworth.

After this picturesque but sombre beginning to her life comes next in importance the fact that she was one of the eight Newnham pioneer-students who studied at Cambridge before Newnham was built. She carried away with her from her University life scarcely any honours, but some inestimable benefits, of which the greatest, probably, was the reverence for careful accuracy in speech and thought which Professor Henry Sidgwick took such particular pains to inculcate. After leaving Cambridge, she passed some excessively troubled years. But the next event of lasting importance took place only upon her leaving her native county and settling in Hampstead. Here she met again an old fellow-student, whose married name was Mrs. Charlotte Wilson. She has since



MISS EMMA BROOKE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

\* "Transition." By the author of "A Superfluous Woman." London: Heinemann.



become well known as the editor of the Anarchist paper *Freedom*. As early as the winter of 1882-1883, in conversation with her, and through coming into contact with Professor Karl Pearson, Miss Brooke gathered some fragmentary ideas concerning Socialism. These she crudely embodied in her first novel, which was published in June, 1883. But in 1884 only did she really begin her career as a Socialist. Mrs. Wilson had the happy idea of gathering together a circle of students for the purpose of seriously studying social questions, and especially the theories of Socialism which had already been propounded. By the autumn of that year she had founded the club which was afterwards named the "Hampstead Historic Club," and Miss Brooke was made secretary of it. "I am sure," Miss Brooke told a friend, "that when we first gathered together to read Karl Marx's 'Capital' in French translations, round Mrs. Wilson's hospitable table, we had not much idea that any of us would issue from our native obscurity. It is a pleasant thought to me that the little band of comrades who have worked so long and so harmoniously together never went through the ceremony of a formal introduction to each other. We just met in Mrs. Wilson's drawing-room, each with a large copy of Karl Marx to spread on the table before him, and in that way we set to work. I remember such strangers were we one to another that we did not know each other's names. And Mrs. Wilson addressed Sidney Webb all the first evening as 'Mr. Webb-King.' This was to his exceeding perplexity. But perhaps it was prophetic."

The Hampstead Historic Club lasted for four years, the leading members being Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Graham Wallas, and Sydney Olivier. There were many others in the circle. It usually began its work in October and ended it in June. The first-fruits of the work of the club were the "Fabian Essays." These were papers written, for the most part, in and for the club. Their publication was followed by an immediate and astonishing success, and the Fabian Society sprang from obscurity into comparative fame. It is interesting to know that Miss Brooke hawked a bundle of essays by members of the club in vain to the doors of two or three publishers, and that, when a selection of the work was finally published, as "Fabian Essays," it was necessary to do so by subscription. Miss Brooke's connection with the Fabians, particularly with those of the club, has never ceased from the day she first met them until this.

When she read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella," Miss Brooke felt much dissatisfaction, and some pain. Her dissatisfaction was caused by what she considered the utterly mistaken account Mrs. Ward gave of the Fabian methods; the pain was at the drawing of the character of a Fabian leader in Wharton.

"And so," said Miss Brooke, "I, who play, indeed, the part of a veritable David to Goliath, took my sling and prepared my small stone. I trust it may reach its mark. For, after all, it is only a giant aspersion that I wish to slay. Marcella as a Fabian is inconceivable to me, though she is interesting as a character. The cause of struggle and agitation in the Fabian Society lies in the small leaven of a violently revolutionary type which is constantly at war with the established and successful method; it does not lie in the tendency of members to go back on the faith altogether. I tried to depict this type of Fabian in Lucilla. We simply look upon it as an excellent sign of life in the Society. Sheridan is a sketch of the acknowledged Fabian leader. It is scarcely necessary to name him, and I have not attempted to disguise him. If I am accused of having 'idealised' him, that is the fault of my imperfect skill. I have not endowed him with any qualities which, during our long connection in Socialistic work together, I have not had occasion to remark in him; but I have not the least doubt that I have failed to realise him at his genuine best."

Miss Brooke, it may be noticed in conclusion, was elected to the executive of the Fabians two years ago. Before that, she had been a Group Secretary for many years.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

In more than one interview, a public—possibly rather too indifferent—has been informed that an interesting figure of English society—some English society—is about to leave our shores. The gifted Russian lady known to nearly twenty years of newspaper readers as "O. K." contemplates bidding farewell to us, with the characteristically Gladstonian present of a theological pamphlet. It is a singular and, in some ways, attractive career that now seems drawing to a close—a large slice of life devoted to explaining and justifying the ways of Russia before the British public. There was a time when the latest utterance of "O. K." thrilled the pulses of millions of sympathisers with her butchered Bulgarian brethren, with the brave Bosniae and the heroic Herzegovinian, the bold Montenegrin, and the not yet exploded Servian. We were all younger then—how much younger we can appreciate now that we look on the Armenian massacres and compare English feeling on that question with the tempest of indignant oratory that raged through the country in the days of the Atrocities. And "O. K.," too, has cooled; she flings us the oppressed Armenian with a sniff of contempt: he is not a Slav, nor Orthodox, nor does Russia love him; for, when established as a Russian subject, he is apt to develop an aptitude for

acquisition after which the panting Hebrew toils in vain. We promised to look after him, she says: we got Cyprus for looking after him—England has broken her promise; Russia (as always) has kept hers.

One always learns something fresh from this talented lady. That Russia—the Russian people—played the part of a Quixote in the Turkish War we had long known, but that official Russia was so punctilious in keeping a promise to its own hurt—well, we *did* seem to remember certain Black Sea Clauses, and an engagement concerning Batoum, and a few stipulations as to frontiers in Central Asia. Of course, this is mere imagination. We cannot hope to fathom the depths of the Slav conscience, not being Slavs ourselves. "O. K." was never tired of telling us that we knew nothing about Russia, that ordinary rules of logic and morality did not apply to the Orthodox, that we had been just as bad ourselves, and were worse now, and, now and then (when the claws came out for a moment), that Russia was a big and powerful state, and would have to take severe notice of us if we criticised her any more. And now our Mentor (for Mentor, though masculine in termination, was a goddess in disguise) is leaving us, and we shall never know anything trustworthy about Russia. For the books of foreign or native residents and travellers describing that country must be all false and futile, seeing that the Russian Censorship proscribes them, or has done so till lately.

Still, perhaps the mission of information to which "O. K." has devoted herself for so long has been fulfilled, in so far as she can fulfil it. We have not been educated up to the pitch of discovering that it is excusable, and almost creditable, to plunder and murder Jews, while it was infamous and execrable to plunder and murder Bulgarians. The charges of disloyalty, dishonesty, hostility to religion, usury, alien customs and feelings, brought against the Jews, had all been adduced to excuse the unspeakabilities of the Turk towards the Bulgars. In a word, the sympathy still felt towards the unofficial champion of official iniquity was that always accorded to a clever advocate with a very bad case. Sometimes the lady used the time-honoured recipe of "abusing the plaintiff's attorney." We did not resent the abuse. And I think the majority of Englishmen are beginning to realise that Russia is not a state to praise or condemn specially, but a curious and interesting study—a blend of European and Asiatic, mediæval and modern.

There was no need to blame or praise Russians for harrying the Jews in their towns. We did the same in Richard I.'s reign. Nay, we expelled our Jews under Edward I. Again, the Russian bureaucracy is not, or should not be, a mystery to us; some of its features are Chinese, and the breakdown of Russia in the Crimean War, though far more creditable, was due to much the same causes as the recent collapse of China. The movement encouraged by the late Czar, aiming at the Russification or expulsion of the alien and heretical elements in the Russian population, was mediæval European or modern Chinese. The alternative fit of foreign importation of Liberal ideas and modern improvements, which takes Russia at intervals, is simply the Japanese temper ousting the Chinese. There is hardly anything in Russian policy or history that cannot be matched in the native states of India.

And the name of India reminds me that, as we are, perhaps, beginning to understand Russia—not owing to "O. K." altogether—so our recent Parliamentary votes show that we are beginning to appreciate India. Another noteworthy proof is the recent Opium Report. For once, common-sense has triumphed over unreasoning sentiment, and the fatal step of legislating for India as for a British suburb has been averted. Eight out of nine Commissioners, some strong against opium, have owned that Indian opium-eating is far less harmful than the alcohol-drinking that would replace it; that feudatory native states cannot well be coerced into giving up a profitable industry because certain English philanthropists object to it; and that Indian opium no more demoralises China now than dry champagne demoralises England.

One faithful anti-opium Abdiel, indeed, has made a minority report, setting forth that the Indian officials are all knaves, and have deceived his colleagues; and the said colleagues were all fools, and were taken in. But evidently this gentleman is one that would stick to his opinion though you brayed him in a mortar. Still, why not try the process, and see?

MARMITON.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## LONDON ART SCHOOLS.

## THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL OF ART.

Many roads lead to Tufton Street, where the Westminster School of Art is located. But the way that a lover of picturesque London would choose, even were it less direct than it is, is the one that, turning aside from the Abbey, leads through the cloistered stillness of Dean's Yard, past the entrance to Westminster School, into a network of narrow streets where picturesque antiquity merges into modern squalor. There, near a point where two streets meet at right-angles, stands a red-brick building, branded on its front with the words "Royal Architectural Museum."

Knowing that the Westminster School of Art was housed in the museum, I pushed open the church-like door and ventured in to learn what manner of art-teaching was offered to young Westminster, and why it was so eagerly taken advantage of by Londoners from far and near. As the door swung back I paused and glanced through the building in some bewilderment. Was it a cathedral, or the lumber-room thereof—a depository, perchance, for the debris of Westminster Abbey? Colossal broken-nosed statues greeted me with a stony stare, and all around lay headless torsos, recumbent figures of dames and knights, pediments, fragments of ornament in stone, wood, or plaster. It was all so silent, too. It might be a museum; but, surely, it was no art-school! But, yes! There, in a far corner, was a group of young men, talking and laughing in subdued voices. One of them, forgetful of rules, was smoking a cigarette, and not far from the group a girl sat before an easel, copying from a cast of the Germanicus. So it was an art-school after all, and not a cathedral!

Having come to see the school, not the museum, I made my way to the office, and threw myself on the mercy of a tall, military-looking gentleman, who appeared to be godfather-in-chief to both museum and school. It was Mr. Ford, the curator. I soon realised that what chance or circumstances had joined together, no mere journalistic consideration of space could put asunder. If I would know aught of the school, I must first hear the history of the museum, for the one was a graft on the other. So I listened and learned how, some forty-odd years ago, the museum was founded by a few zealous architects and amateurs, among them Sir Gilbert Scott, the late A. J. Beresford-Hope, and the present President, the Bishop of Ely. The chief object of the founders was to help the Gothic movement by giving carvers in wood and stone examples of old carvings as models. Since then, examples of classic and Renaissance architecture have been added until the collection, small as it is, has become one of the most representative in the country. At first the collection was housed in Canon Row, near the New Scotland Yard. Later, South Kensington gave it a home, but, suddenly finding another use for the space it occupied, turned it, *sans cérémonie*, out of doors, and piqued the collectors into raising the necessary funds and building the church-like structure in Tufton Street. But to-day the glories of the Gothic are departed. The old supporters of the movement have died out, and none have arisen to take their places. "And," Mr. Ford adds, with a note of pride in his voice, "we have never been subsidised by the State." So the broken-nosed kings from Westminster Hall and the Boy Bishop from Salisbury crumble neglected, the lady of the Arundel family

from Chichester Cathedral slumbers undisturbed, and it is apparently only at rare intervals that a carver in wood or stone, or a student of architecture, comes to seek inspiration from the treasures of the place—treasures gathered from Notre Dame de Paris, from Rouen, from the Baptistery at Florence, and from our own Salisbury and Winchester, Venetian sculptures and carvings presented by Mr. Ruskin, and a valuable collection of Indian stone-carvings given by Sir Bartle Frere.

"But the School?—that flourishes, does it not?" I asked, as we made the tour of the building, Mr. Ford pausing occasionally to point out some particular treasure.

"Yes," was the reply, when the curator had recovered from the momentary shock of seeing one of the men students seated on the person of a recumbent Crusader, dangling his legs over the effigy, and had paused to mildly reprimand the sinner. "Yes, the school has prospered steadily, first under Mr. Fred Brown, who left us to become Professor at the Slade School, and since then under his successor, Mr. Mouat Loudan."

I heard—not for the first time, for the Slade students had told me—how the fortunes of Westminster had seemed doomed to decline when Mr. Fred Brown deserted it for Bloomsbury, followed by the majority of his students, only a "rump" being left to carry on the traditions of his sixteen years' teaching. But now, I was told, the school flourishes at the rate of four or five new students a-day. Since the last summer vacation no fewer than two hundred and four new students have been enrolled, and during the long Christmas holidays given by the Slade School many former students returned to their old haunts for a while to add the advantages of Mr. Loudan's teaching to a course of study under Professor Brown. It is evident that Mr. Loudan has successfully accomplished the difficult task of following so popular a teacher as Mr. Fred Brown.

While listening to the history of the school, I had followed my guide into a small room devoted to clay-modelling. The workers were absent, but the work was there, arranged in layers on shelves in a species of cold oven where it is kept moist. On the walls were some of the Ruskin treasures, casts of the capitals of the Doge's Palace, and bits of ornament from St. Mark's. In an adjoining

room the men's life-class was at work, and the youth who was no respecter of antiquity had ceased from his irreverent idling.

Crossing to the opposite corner, we made our way up a narrow staircase of perforated iron to a gallery which surrounds the four sides of the building—a narrow gallery, where there was still more ancient stonework. A man-student, who was copying detail from one of the carvings, and a blackboard with traces of a recent lesson in anatomy, were landmarks in our journey to a door at the far end of the gallery—a door placarded with announcements of competitions of the Nomad Club, the results of school competitions, and similar advertisements. Opening the door, my guide ushered me into the women-students' life-class. There, amid the usual paraphernalia of casts and easels and "donkeys," with the stove at one side, the model's platform on another, some twenty women were at work, their hair a shade less dishevelled than is the fashion in a Paris studio, but their mien as serious and their pinafores as evidently serviceable as paint-rags as those of any student at, say, Julian's. The walls, too, and the casts and fragments of architectural ornament that hung on them, were grimy enough to have adorned with credit any studio of the Latin Quarter. Evidently the shades of Philistian





cleanliness which have invaded the Slade School and other places where they paint have not yet penetrated to Tufton Street.

The model, a brown-skinned Brazilian girl, with bright, dark eyes, and crisp, curly, black hair, was posing as a South Sea Islander—not nude,

as one ignorant of the decorum of South Sea Islanders might expect, but in a full dress of halo-like head-dress, green bodice, and short skirts of yellow reed or grass, that failed to hide the symmetry of the brown limbs.

As we made the tour of the semicircle, I saw abundance of good, strong work; and only on one canvas—that of a *nouvelle*—was there any trace of the usual “finicking” work of the average girl-amateur. Most of the students had evidently caught some of the trick—or rather, the mastery—of colour that is so characteristic of Mr. Loudan's own work. In one corner of the room I became aware of the tense stillness that usually accompanies repressed excitement, and one or two students glanced



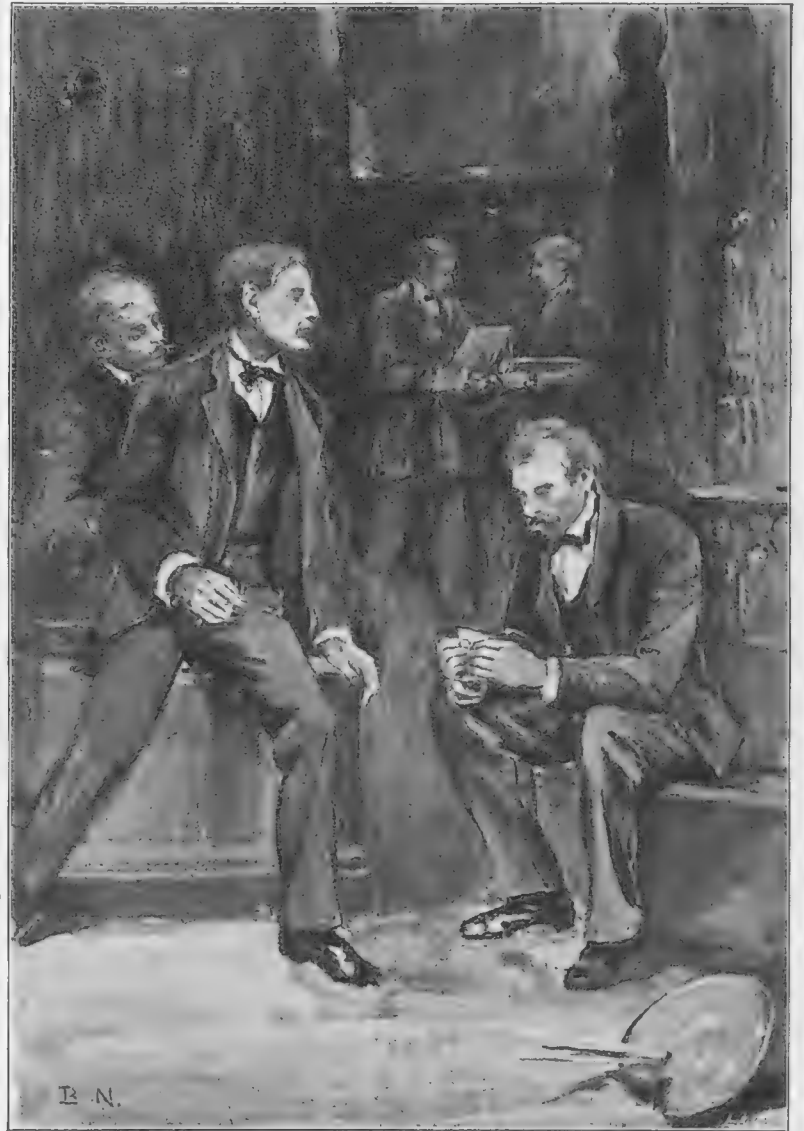
MR. MOUAT LOUDAN.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

up impatiently at the sound of our footsteps. I soon saw the cause. Mr. Mouat Loudan was giving his bi-weekly criticisms, and, besides the student immediately concerned, all those within earshot were eagerly seizing the hints that were being given. These seemed to concern themselves with general principles rather than with particular details. They were suggestive rather than demonstrative, and the critique was given with some of that same reserve and reticence that in another form are characteristic of Mr. Loudan's work. But his suggestions

seem to be wonderfully helpful, to judge by the eagerness of the criticised to straightway act upon them.

Mr. Mouat Loudan's gift for teaching was probably a surprise even to some of those who were most eager to secure his services for Westminster, for the artist is not always the successful teacher. That the choice was a wise one has since been amply proved by the enthusiasm and the number of the students, as well as by the quality of their work. But at first the result of the appointment must have been awaited with some uncertainty. At the time when that appointment was made, Mr. Mouat Loudan was—he still is in years, though not in distinction—a *nouveau*. As an art student, he had had a brilliant career, first at the Academy Schools, where he won, in rapid succession, silver medals for drawing and painting from the life and for modelling, the gold medal for the best historical painting, and a travelling studentship of two hundred pounds; and later in Paris, where he studied under Bouguereau and Tony Fleury, and won his laurels at Julian's. Returning to England, he had dwelt for a season among the fisher-folk of Polperro, making studies for his first notable exhibit, “The Fish Market”; and down at Polperro is a certain charming little cottage,



SOME OF THE STUDENTS.

fitted with cunning contrivances in woodwork by one whose skill in that direction possibly won as much respect as his pictures from those who still continue to take a proud personal interest in Mr. Loudan's career. But it soon became evident that it was in portraits that Mr. Loudan's strength lay. His portraits of children and “grown-ups” had arrested the notice of discriminating visitors to the Institute and the New Gallery. Taught by Mr. George Moore, who had been charmed into eulogy in the pages of the *Speaker* by the little girl in green, the baby in a white frock, and the children at the gate of the Temple Gardens, art-lovers began to single out those “charming and delicate achievements of a young man in his first period” from the mediocrity and commonplace of the average exhibitor. Whether or not Mr. Loudan sat at the feet of Mr. Whistler and learned from that master the simple truths of colour, as Mr. Moore suggests, it was evident that he had grasped those laws.

But to return to the students. Before my visit to Westminster, I had catalogued the school as a democratic art school, and had expected to find its classes attended largely by the sons and daughters of the people. This conclusion was arrived at by means of the prospectus, on which the remarkably low fees of the classes were set forth. But I had to part with this theory, so far, at least, as the day classes are concerned. The evening classes, it is true, seem to be attended by many who are engaged in other work in the daytime. On the register I noticed the names of a merchant salesman, a stockbroker's clerk, a lithographer, a wood-carver,



LADY SKETCHERS.

a countess, and a street artist. In the interests of a democratic novel, the countess and the street artist should certainly have sat side by side, and formed a romantic attachment for one another; but I could find no evidence that they had done so—indeed, the chances are they never exchanged words with one another, even if they happened to attend the same class. For at Westminster, as at most of our English art-schools, there is little of the easy *camaraderie* of a Paris art-school. The students seem to group themselves into cliques and *coteries*. Even in the lunch-hour, when the kettle sings cheerily on the stove downstairs among the tombs and the broken-nosed kings, when there are apparitions of mugs of tea, ginger-beer bottles, and even of an occasional "pocket-pistol," there is little of the chatter and laughter that brighten the lunch-hour in a Paris *atelier*.

Young art-teachers and full-fledged artists seem to use the Westminster School as a convenient and economical mode of keeping in practice. To work from a model in the class costs much less than to hire one in one's own studio; and besides, the student benefits by Mr. Loudan's criticism and by the stimulus of working with others. So it

holds a class for black-and-white work for illustration, the students working from the costume-model. During the session, lectures on anatomy are given. There are classes for elementary students of drawing, decorative painting, design, applied art, and drawing from the antique, taught by Mr. J. Holgate, and Mr. F. E. Schenck teaches modelling and architectural decoration. The evening classes cover a wide range of applied art, such as designing for carpets and damasks, wall-papers and embroidery, mosaics, stained glass and metal-work, and stencil-cutting. Indeed, so far as the object of the school seems to be to make itself as practically useful as possible and to follow the needs of the students instead of any preconceived lines, it is truly democratic. Among the evening-class students are a few exhibitors—residents in Westminster who have attended or are attending the United Westminster Schools, or pupils from the Greycoat School—whose fees are paid by the Governors of the Westminster Technical Fund.

The Westminster Sketching Club, of which some of the results were shown me, is evidently managed on the same lines as those of the Slade students. Every month Mr. Loudan gives out subjects for figure,



◊ SUSPICIOUS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH W. ROBINSON, REDHILL.

happens that there is a large drifting element in the school—a coming and going of students whose own studies have to be subservient to bread-and-butter work.

There are two scales of fees at Westminster, but only a few idle aristocrats take the higher fees, which exempt them from the condition of entering for the South Kensington examinations. For, being what is technically known as a "school of art," the Westminster School is connected with South Kensington, and has a grant on works accepted by that body. It was at Westminster, by the way, that I realised how it might almost be accounted a glory to be rejected of South Kensington. That institution, whose ways are truly wonderful to those who know not the mysteries of officialism, had returned, marked with the blue cross denoting them unfit for competition, a series of time studies from the life sent in by Westminster students. Regarded as finished work, these drawings might have merited this high-handed judgment. Considered as the result of ten to twenty minutes' work, they were, some of them, really remarkable "achievements of young men and women in their first period," to misquote Mr. Moore.

Besides the life-classes for students of both sexes—which have been, I believe, the feature of the school ever since Mr. Fred Brown introduced life classes on the Paris plan—Mr. Loudan, on two afternoons a week,

design, landscape, and clay-modelling. Men and women students compete together, each student's work being indicated by a number, not a name. As I paused at the entrance on leaving the school to read the announcements of the Sketch Club competitions, my eyes lighted on another announcement which will interest all admirers of Mr. Loudan's work. It was a word of thanks for a gift of old silver from the students to their master on the occasion of his marriage, which has recently taken place—another testimony to the popularity of the master.

During my interview with Mr. Ford, to whose courtesy I owe most of my information about the school, I learned that some of our best-known artists and illustrators of to-day have been students at Westminster. Fred Pegram had his entire training there. Ronald Gray, George Frampton (assistant-master at the Slade School, and the recently appointed Inspector of Art to the Technical Education Board), Charles Furse, W. W. Russell, Hartrick (whose work is rapidly becoming as well known as that of Dudley Hardy), Anning Bell, and Salmon, were a few of the names of students recalled by Mr. Ford. Among women-artists, Edith Ænone Somerville; Alice Grant, and Alice Woodward, who is winning her laurels by clever black-and-white work, have studied art at Westminster.

ALICE STRONACH.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE MAN I MET AT GATTI'S.

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

Two years ago I used to go regularly to Gatti's Restaurant in Adelaide Street—the cheaper red-velvet-seated end, not the Strand end, where there are white table-covers and higher prices—and the chess-corner, up by the entrance, usually attracted me on Saturday afternoons in the winter.

One of the men I met there and played chess with was an elderly Frenchman, between whom and myself a sort of London-casual friendship cropped up, after about twenty games: he was a man whose face was marked with a past, and not a pleasant past, I thought. He asked me once to go to his rooms, and I went to them with him—a dingy top floor in Cecil Street.

On the door was "H. Louvain," in faded black-and-white. Louvain opened it, and we went into one of the two rooms, and he told me why he had asked me to come up—he wanted to tell me something. Strange, how men must at certain times get rid of a thing, even to a stray acquaintance! I nodded assent, and filled my pipe, whilst Louvain mechanically rolled a cigarette, and then reached down an old pistol that was hung up over the centre of the mantle-shelf. He put it on the table, and went ahead with his tale, the pith of which I give here.

I was in the army, and with the garrison at Strassburg for three years, before we lost it, in '70. Another captain of the regiment was Perrault—Charles Perrault—and he was a duellist and a bully. In those days we were always fighting about something, but Perrault would find pleasure in picking quarrels with the townspeople, and then he would kill them. One day he met on the *Place* a young doctor, called Paul Bert, and, as they met, Perrault held his cane a foot above the stones and invited Bert to jump over it. That was enough, of course. The duel took place next morning, and the doctor was run through the lung and died of the thrust. This rather sickened some of us, for Bert was liked by those who knew him, and he was a popular man with the townspeople. On the evening of the day he was buried, it chanced that the Governor was holding a reception at the Town Hall, and, the feeling running strong against Perrault, General Viôme—the Governor—told me to say to Perrault that he had better not attend the reception, at which a lot of the civilians would be present.

So I looked out for him at the entrance to the hall, and when he came there in the evening I gave him the General's message. "So you turn me out—me, Perrault!" "By my orders, *mon ami*." Then Perrault: "I cannot fight the Governor, but I can you"; and so it was arranged for next day. We used swords, and I got one home before he could touch me, and he was laid up for a month. Then he would have it again, this time over a word at the mess, and now he paid me back my thrust with interest. I was nearly gone, but, after all, recovered. We used to fight in those days, not scratch, Monsieur—? (I gave it him—"Alderson.")

And now, Monsieur Alderson, I do assure you that Perrault and myself became, in a way, friends, but under the feeling we wanted to kill each other. He was soon after removed to Metz, and before he went we agreed to meet for "a little fencing" whenever we could spare the time. We were both good swordsmen, and there is a zest you do not know in playing a game of skill with swords—not with chess-men, Monsieur; when your life—and not the price of two cups of coffee—is the stake. You play *that* game warily.

And so we again met three times during the next two years, and each time neither could finish the other. We would each travel half-way the distance, and arrange the meeting in good time to avoid disappointment; and afterwards we would go back—or be taken back by our friends.

But one day I had some money left me, enough, with my pay, to keep a wife, and I had already become partly attached to the sister of the Doctor Bert whom Perrault had killed. I then let myself become wholly attached to her, and when I spoke to her father he told me that I must make an end of these meetings with Perrault—he could not sanction a marriage that might be ended in a week by a lucky thrust from the man at Metz.

So I wrote to Perrault, and told him I was going to marry, and that we must have a final meeting. He replied, and suggested pistols this time, as we had been so unlucky with the swords; he also said he could get the loan of a nice walled-in fruit-garden near Metz, which had standard trees in it, and where we could enjoy the piquant sensation of dodging about as we aimed at each other. I must say that Perrault quite entered into my feelings in this matter; he wrote with animation, and he also evidently wished to let our last encounter be characterised by its novelty.

Perrault was a first-rate shot with the pistol: he would let his servant hold up a five-franc piece between his fingers and then send the coin flying out of the man's hand. And, more than once while he was in Strassburg, a carabineer would be riding along smoking, and find his pipe smashed under his nose—it was Perrault practising. But I also could shoot well.

When we met, Perrault was for having four shots, from two pistols each with a double barrel—revolvers are no use at more than a few feet.

But our seconds persuaded us that the use of one double pistol each would suffice, especially as we were both first-rate shots. I was ready enough to agree, because I wanted to marry Pauline Bert, and Perrault gave way.

We all went into the small walled-garden. Our friends were to keep at the back of the trees close to the two side walls, and Perrault and I were to be free to move about either end of the garden—or both of us might go to the same end at discretion. As we were taking up our places he whispered to me, "Both at your end?" I nodded, for we were much too well acquainted by now to stand altogether on the ceremonial arrangements of our friends.

So when we were placed, one at the north end of the garden and one south, and when the others had gone to the sides, Perrault walked across to my end and went behind a thick-stemmed cherry-tree—all pink and white it was with early blossom. I waited for him to get across to me, and while he came I thought I would, if possible, kill him that morning—I thought of Pauline's love for her brother: I also called to mind the five-franc pieces he had shot at, and the smashed pipes of our carabineers.

The seconds had half started from their places when Perrault walked up to my end, but they saw that we were in accord and contented themselves with asking if we were ready. We both called out, and so the game began—which I meant to win. I, being fatter than Perrault, had to stand sideways at the back of my plum-tree—the bees kept worrying around my head, humming and quietly buzzing, and, as I put up my hand to brush one of them away, *ping* came a bullet through my palm—there's the mark of it.

[I looked at Louvain's left hand, and saw the whitish, contracted seam in the palm and in the back of it.]

That was good, Monsieur Alderson; it just gave the tingle to my blood that it wanted, and there was one of his bullets gone, while I had still two. I waited five minutes perhaps, and then I tried my left arm with a flourish against the bees; but the movement didn't draw a shot. I put out my leg and kicked a spider from the bark of the plum-tree—still no shot came.

My second had come out from his tree and was smoking with the other man, but both were intent upon us.

I put my peaked cap on the butt-end of my pistol and let the back part of it project from the bark of the tree, as if I were shifting my position and had accidentally exposed the back of my head—and *then* came his second bullet through my cap, slightly jarring the pistol in my hand. It's foolish to be in too much of a hurry. I rolled a cigarette and then strolled up to the cherry-tree. Perrault gave me the match I asked for, and so I lighted my cigarette.

But I couldn't do it—he leant up against the tree and waited for it—I could not shoot him, although five minutes ago I swore to myself that I would. If I had!

I said to him, "I have now the right to put these two bullets into your brain. I don't do it. But if you ever try to pick a quarrel with me, or with any friend of mine, I shall exercise the right that I now reserve." Perrault shrugged himself and turned to his friend. We all went out of the garden.

I married Pauline. Within a year she played me false—with Perrault! Incredible, is it not, Monsieur Alderson? A month later one of the bullets from this pistol on the table here went into his brain. I left the army and became what you see me here.

Louvain stopped. I didn't care somehow to ask anything more of him, and we said good-night.

Next day, I was half-deafened in the Strand by the paper-boys yelling the result of some big race, mixed up with "*Sui-cide* in the Strand." Later, I read the *Globe*, and saw that the second bullet from Louvain's pistol had gone home. That's all I know about the man I met at Gatti's.

## A SPANISH IBSEN.

José Echegaray is the author of some fifty plays, which are little known in England. Indeed, the translation of "El Hijo de Don Juan," the latest addition to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Cameo Series," and the work of Mr. James Graham, is the first that has been turned into English. It is prefaced by a highly eulogistic account of the Spanish author and his plays. "The Son of Don Juan" is an interesting drama, but not strikingly original. In fact, it gave rise to a good deal of adverse criticism in Spain, because of its decidedly marked resemblance to Ibsen's "Ghosts." Fanatical Ibsenites are sure not to treat it very fairly, since it goes to the somewhat unusual length of borrowing (the debt is acknowledged in a Prologue) not only the main idea, but actually a phrase of the master's. But, call it merely an adaptation, and it remains, as far as one can judge, a very clever, if painful, stage-play, skilfully altered to suit Spanish life and manners. Echegaray has evidently much of Ibsen's playwright faculty; perhaps he has gained it through practice. Mr. Graham tells us he has sometimes put as many as four dramas on the stage in one year. As for its literary qualities, the translator does not give us much chance of judging. But his work may send English play-writers and play-adapters on Echegaray's track. There is something to be borrowed, surely, out of fifty dramas.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



DAWN.—E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. C. J. GALLOWAY, OF KNUTSFORD.



## ART NOTES.

The Guildhall Loan Collection of Pictures, which was opened to the public on Saturday, April 20, is an extremely fine, but somewhat variously fine, show. Here are some of the best of artists, old and new, from Rembrandt to Sir John Millais, Mr. Watts, and Mr. Val Prinsep. Lord Spencer contributes what is, perhaps, the finest portrait of the exhibition, the "Portrait of Rembrandt's Mother." For distinction of modelling and wonderful beauty of colouring, this picture, in its way, is almost unsurpassable. Only a little less interesting are the pictures of the Flemish school. Two Metzus—one lent by the Queen, one by Lord Northbrook—are among the finest specimens of that master's great art. The first is known by the name of "The Violoncello Player," the second by that of "The Intruder," and both, it may be added, have been seen before at the Exhibition of Old Masters.

There are many pictures by English artists now living which do credit, if nothing more, to the contemporary school of art existing in England. Sir John Millais is represented by both landscape and figure subjects.

subjects have ever done." That may mean anything or nothing. For our part, we certainly prefer Sir Francis Powell as a "landscapist." The word, it must be observed, is none of our coining.

Professor Herkomer is somewhat eccentrically represented by an enormous drawing called "A Souvenir of J. W. North." One looks again and again, and one wonders at the title continuously, persistently, unchangeably. Professor Herkomer has a pretty style of drawing: he has won his position by reason of that style; but his "Souvenir" is really not to be considered seriously: it has not even Professor Herkomer's own distinction of style, and therefore, as the work of that artist, we must dismiss it without much gravity. Mr. Weguelin, on the other hand, may not, perhaps, have a great quality of strength; but it is certain that he has a singular delight in beautiful form and figure. He illustrates, for purposes of this exhibition, three subjects from Hans Andersen. His sole fault lies in this—that he is inclined, by pure exuberance of disposition, to make his work over-brilliant, and too crowded with colour.

Mr. Thomas Rooke is accorded a position of considerable distinction in the placing of his "Herod's Feast," a subject which has, perhaps, too



Fair as a summer-day dream,  
I saw thee, standing and piping,  
Calling thy sheep to the fold.

PAINTED BY CHARLES A. BUCHEL. EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Of the first, by far the most popular will be that well-known and widely reproduced picture, "Over the Hills and Far Away." Of Sir Frederic Leighton's "The Garden of the Hesperides," there have, from the time of its first exhibition, always been two opinions, and, though we do not go to the extreme lengths of one critic, who describes the painting as a "wonderfully beautiful design and colour harmony," it is impossible to resist the beauty of parts of its composition, however one may dislike the presence of Sir Frederic's somewhat individual serpent. Mr. Holman Hunt's more or less famous "The Scapegoat" is here; and here, too, are represented Gérôme and Vicat Cole, and Landseer, and Rossetti, and Mr. Swan, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Alma-Tadema, and a variety of other celebrated and appreciated artists. There can be no doubt about the excellence of this show.

The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours does not, perhaps, tend to increase the prestige of that Society save by the fact that it does nothing to lower that prestige. Sir John Gilbert has, indeed, sent nothing to distinguish, in any particular manner, the work of the Society; but for the place where his work has been used to hang, Sir Francis Powell's picture, "Springtime in the Flat Lands of Essex" is no worthless substitute. The composition of this picture is, without any question, attractive and even engrossing. A critic, who shall be nameless, has declared that this work "places its author on quite as high a pinnacle as landscapist as his best marine

often attempted to rank in the high places of art, whether it be the preacher's or the painter's. Mr. Rooke has talent, certainly; but it is unfortunately a talent which leaves one unmoved. He occupies himself with extreme carefulness for details that perhaps do not interest one very intimately. The exact selection of the particular beauty which goes to the making of a great picture is one thing; the indiscriminate selection of many possible beauties have, perhaps, a separate interest of their own; in a general composition they become, when taken at haphazard, somewhat dry, and without unity of effect. Nevertheless, Mr. Rooke shows enough promise to make one quite hopeful. We have only space, for the rest, to note, as attractive work, a Venetian subject, by Mr. Arthur Melville, a little portrait of Mr. Onslow Ford, by Professor Herkomer, and "An Alsatian Flower-Stall," by Mr. Macbeth.

Sir George Scharf's death must be a matter of deep regret to all who regarded with interest the completion of the National Portrait Gallery, which was practically the work of his lifetime. "Atlas," who writes as one having authority, declares that, "upon all questions of historical portraiture he was the one final authority. His memory was an immense storehouse, and on the rare occasions when it didn't respond to his demands"—the phrase is a little roundabout—"there were his wonderful note-books." His portrait, painted by Oulless, will shortly hang, it is to be hoped, in the new gallery at Trafalgar Square. It appears, also, that these "wonderful note-books" will become the property of the nation.



The handsome volume, "Armorial Bearings," by Mr. Fox-Davies (Jack, Edinburgh), has a double interest. Described as a complete peerage, baronetage, and knightage, and a directory of some gentlemen of coat-armour, it has an art value from the fact that it is embellished with six hundred beautiful engravings on copper of coats-of-arms, from designs by the leading heraldic artists.

Mr. Fox-Davies claims that his book is the first attempt to compile, in an available form, a compendium of all armorial bearings legitimately in use, and a complete index of those people who are genuinely entitled to bear them. It is the first and only attempt to draw a plain, unvarnished, and legible distinction between those arms the authority for the usage of which has been legally and duly established, and those for which it has not. This distinction is given effect to in the text by the use of *italic type* for the entries of all persons whose right to arms has not been established to the editor's satisfaction.

While the book is not issued under the authority or control of the College of Arms—which issues no official publication—the editor wishes it to be understood that, in order to obtain the highest and most authentic information, it may be taken that all armorial bearings treated of in the work have been examined by some officer of the College of Arms, with the exception of the Scottish armorial bearings, which have in all cases been submitted to and verified by the authorities of Lyon Office, whilst due reference has been made to Ulster's Office as to the accuracy of Irish Arms.

Among other points, it is the *only* book in which the Collars and Orders of Knighthood are introduced into the illustrations. It is also the *first* and *only* book which recognises the fact that the laws of Arms are radically different in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which draws a distinction between titles and courtesy titles, and in which the description of "Esquire" is used in its correct and legal manner, and withheld from those to whom it does not appertain.

Artistically, it is, perhaps, the finest British Peerage extant. The heraldic designs, numbering in all over six hundred, are in various manners by leading heraldic designers, whose names appear on their respective plates, and are elaborately executed in the best style of copper-plate engraving. They comprise many elaborate coats with supporters, some with large numbers of quarterings, including coats-of-arms of members of the Royal Family, some of them published for the first time, and many coats with unique designs for helmets and mantlings. The book (Library Edition) is published in one very handsome volume, large quarto; it contains 1100 pages, set in an artistic style, with black-letter catch-lines, and 112 plates, and costs five guineas net. The *Édition de Luxe* has the illustrations printed direct from the coppers on India paper, and is bound in full Levant morocco. This edition, which is limited to four hundred copies, signed and numbered, costs ten guineas net.

The "Fair Children" exhibition at the Grafton Galleries open to-day. Among the pictures are a couple by Velasquez, one lent by Lord Bristol, the other by Lord Lansdowne; "Puck," "The Strawberry Girl," and several others by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Gainsborough



THROUGH THE WOODS.—MISS BLANCHE JENKINS.

"Cottage Girl"; a Murillo from Lord Rothschild's collection; a love group of children by Romney, belonging to the Dowager Lady Warwick; and a number of canvases from the royal collection, and from the galleries of the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, and Beaufort.



LA FEMME DU MATELOT.—ARNOLD HELCKE.



ON GUARD.—ARTHUR BURRINGTON.  
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.



"THE ANTIGONE," AT EDINBURGH.

*Photographs by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*



ANTIGONE (MR. R. B. BLACK).



HEMON (MR. E. E. MALCOLM).



TEIRESIAS (MR. H. JOHNSTONE), AND THE BOY  
(MASTER DUGALD McKECHNIE).



CORYPHÆUS (MR. A. DRUITT).



## "THE ANTIGONE," AT EDINBURGH.

*Photographs by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*

In matters educational, Scotland, if not invariably taking the lead, is never very far behind. Fourteen years ago the Edinburgh Academy performed "The Antigone" in Greek, the most popular of all the Greek dramatic masterpieces, and the other week they reproduced it in full detail, just as it would have been mounted when it was written. This is the first attempt of the kind in Scotland. The performance took place in the central hall of the Academy, where a stage had been erected. The scene itself was a representation of the exterior of the King's Palace, with three doors. At each end of the stage access was given by a short flight of steps to the orchestron, on which the chorus performed their evolutions. In the centre, raised on a few steps, was an altar, decked with offerings of fruit and flowers. If the difference of level between the orchestron and the stage itself was hardly sufficient, it was as great as possible under the circumstances, and, by skilful management, the chorus never impeded the action on the stage, while their dark attire and the dimmer light in which they moved formed a most effective contrast to the brilliancy of the upper stage with its richly dressed figures. The actors were Academy boys, past and present, and masters. The mounting, for which Mr. Baldwin Brown, the Professor of Fine Art at Edinburgh University, was in some degree responsible, was admirable, and the skilful grouping of the various scenes, as well as the smoothness with which the whole was carried out, showed very careful preparation. The general effect of the play was in no small degree due to the efforts of the chorus, who sang the difficult music with accuracy and good taste. It may be remembered that, fifty years ago, Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) played "The Antigone" in English for seven nights upon the Edinburgh stage. De Quincey has left us a memorable account of one of her performances. "I advise Mr. Murray," he wrote, "in the event of his ever reviving 'The Antigone,' to make the chorus sing the Hundredth Psalm rather than Mendelssohn's music, or to import from Lancashire the Handel Chorus Singers."



ISMENE (MR. STUART TOD).



THE BODY OF EURYDICE.



## MISS ELLEN TERRY AND COVENTRY.

Coventry has, for a comparatively small city, rather a notable stage history. In mediæval days it was each year the scene of those miracle-plays which made the place famous over the land, and the popularity of which was very largely responsible for the inauguration of the Godiva Procession, when the religious street-representations passed away at the time of the Reformation. That poor old show of my Lady of Coventry—a story which we rather wonder has never been dramatised—is revived every now and again under conditions that do not lead to deeper appreciation of its beauty, though the legend on which it is based would, in the hands of our Continental neighbours, be turned to very profitable account. It is one of the things they do better in France.

Mrs. Siddons was married at Holy Trinity Church, Coventry, on Nov. 25, 1773, the signatures in the register being "William Siddons, Sarah Kemble." The vicar at that time was the Rev. Joseph Rann, who published a six-volume edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works. The modern stage history of Coventry records the deaths of a couple of



MARKET STREET, COVENTRY.

artists in sight of the audiences they had been entertaining, and the narrow escape from decapitation, through the sudden fall of a heavy curtain, of a well-known operatic singer.

But the best claim to distinction (and a very happy one, too!) which the City of the Three Tall Spires has in dramatic history is that of being the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry. Our great actress once dropped into reminiscence, and mentioned, among much else that was interesting, the fact that she first saw the light in Coventry, but did not know in what street. The house was identified by a living person, and members of the profession on tour in the city generally find their way to Market Street.

The short and narrow thoroughfare is in the very centre of a city noted for its quaint and narrow streets. A house on the left-hand side from the Smithford Street end—No. 5, now a butcher's shop—marks Miss Terry's birthplace. In the 'forties this was an eating-house and theatrical lodging-house.

The old Coventry Theatre is but fifty yards away. It is well known to professionals to-day, because the new Opera House was built only a few years ago, and the building in Theatre Yard is still used as a music-hall. It is a place of small capacity, with galleries on three sides, and a stage of narrow limits. Here many of our best-known artists of the present century have appeared and held the mirror up to Nature. The late Montagu Williams, Q.C., in his "Leaves," tells of his appearances upon its boards.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry, the father and mother respectively of Miss Ellen Terry, often toured at Coventry, Terry himself being well known to some of the inhabitants who have only passed away in recent years. One old man says that he generally spent some time with Terry on his visits to



THE HOUSE WHERE MISS TERRY WAS BORN.

the city, and that the actor and his wife often went there. They made their quarters in Market Street, and in February, 1848, they were there on a professional visit. Terry seems to have been one of the company of Miss Acosta, who made her first appearance in the city then, and played "My Master's Rival" and "A Day at Bologna."



THE OLD THEATRE AT COVENTRY, WHERE MISS TERRY'S FATHER PLAYED.



There is one person, and one person only, who now remembers the interesting event which connects Miss Terry with Coventry. It is the lady who "assisted" on the occasion, and she still resides in the city. Mother and child did well, and the nurse calls to mind Terry's departure with his company a few days after the occurrence, and before Mrs. Terry was able to leave. Mrs. Terry and her baby did not long tarry in Coventry. In less than a fortnight the former was able to join her husband in another town. The nurse never saw mother or child again, but the career of the latter has been watched with keen interest for years past; and, since Miss Terry's reminiscences came out, correspondence has passed between the well-known actress and the lady who "presided" at No. 5, Market Street, on a particular day. Miss Terry has never visited her native

lands additional interest to a city long rich in the history of plays and pageants. Miss Terry has just given proof of an interest in her native city by sending to the Vicar of St. Michael's a subscription towards the cost of re-hanging the very noteworthy peal of bells.

### MISS MARIE LASCELLES.

Miss Marie Lascelles began her professional career under Miss Isabel Bateman, and, after playing two years with her, appeared on tour as Mary Blenkarn in "The Middleman." Her first appearance in London



MISS MARIE LASCELLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

place, though that is a treat she is promising herself some day. When she does so, she will find that, as half-a-dozen cities claimed Homer for their son, two householders claim to occupy the dwelling wherein she was born. Both shops are marked with brass plates, making solemn declaration of "the birthplace of Miss Ellen Terry," only one sets up for being "the original birthplace." There is no registration of the birth to determine a matter which, however, is scarcely a matter of controversy. Official registration at that time was less strict than it is to-day, and the Terrys left Coventry without registering the birth of their offspring. The testimony of the nurse is, under those circumstances, absolute. In our view of Market Street, No. 5 house stands on the left-hand side.

Coventry people are very proud of the fact that one so eminent in modern stage-history can be claimed as a Coventry woman, and the fact

was as Mabel Faddieum in "The County Councillor," at the Trafalgar Theatre, where she was also seen in "Nitouche" and "The Two Johnnies." Then she migrated to the Lyceum, under the management of Mr. Oscar Barrett. Subsequently she was at Terry's for a short season, and then went back to the Lyceum, appearing in "The Queen of Brilliants" and "Santa Claus."

The onward march of the lady-journalist! The other day, on the first anniversary of the opening of a successful Boston theatre, the manager invited the members of the New England Women's Press Association, who were installed in boxes for the performance, and were afterwards regaled at a banquet served in the lobby. The after-speeches were, no doubt, of an interesting character.



"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.

*Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*



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MORRIS-DANCERS.



MALE DANCERS IN BYZANTINE COURT.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE UP-TO-DATE MAMMA.





MRS. RAFFERTY (to Lady Missionary, who has been admonishing her for the use of strong language): "Well, Mum, I curse and swear, and you preach and pray, but divil a one of us makes much by it!"

DRAWN BY JAY GEE.



"I TOLD YOU SO!"



## MAYFAIR IN OLDEN TIMES.

This day, a hundred and fifty years ago, all London would have been trooping west to the great fair which was held on the opening days of May in what is now the select region of Mayfair. Two centuries since, the West-End as we now know it did not exist. Fashion resided in Bloomsbury and Soho Squares and the adjacent streets, and Mayfair consisted of open fields affording a convenient space for such sports as ducking and open-air shows of various kinds. The space was named "Brook Field," from the fact of its being near the brook Tybourn, and the district was, in fact, to a large extent rural, and for many years afterwards it retained several evidences of primitive times.

Of the fair once regularly held in Brook Field every May, nothing but the name now survives. The annual observance and its accompanying amusements and sports have entirely passed away. The old order has changed, and the imperative law of the builder has removed and destroyed almost every one of the landmarks which had become intimately associated with the customs, manners, and humours of former times.

The annual festival of May Fair commenced on May 1, and was continued during the following fortnight. Nominally, it was devoted to the "sale of all manner of goods and merchandise," but live cattle and

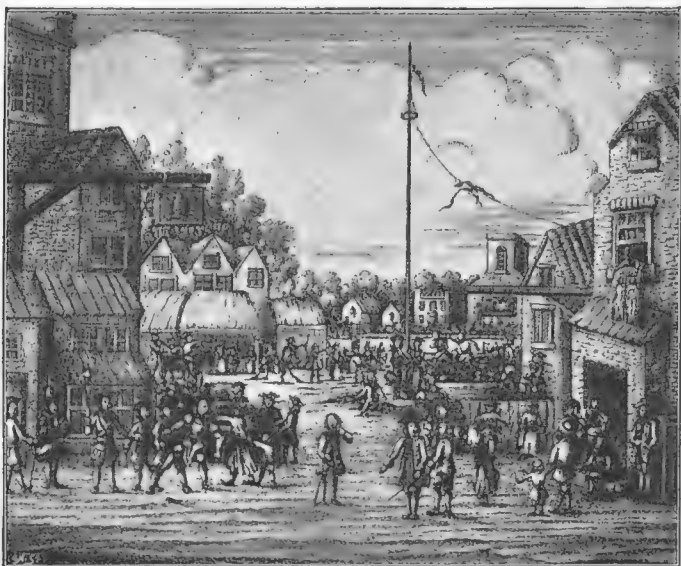
leather seem to have been the staple articles of merchandise, and business appears to have been mainly restricted to the first three days of the month of May. From the fact that this fair commenced on May Day, it is extremely probable that the festivities had their origin in those May games associated with the worship of Flora which were once so prevalent throughout the kingdom. At any rate, it is certain that the chiefly prominent features of the old May Fair had no relation to commercial matters. A large number of the booths erected here were for "Music, Showes, Drinking, Gaming, Raffling, Lotteries, Stage-Plays, and Drolls," and these led to "constant and open scenes of impiety and profaneness," as a contemporary account informs us.



THE GINGERBREAD SELLER.

Early in the eighteenth century May Fair was patronised by all the nobility in town, and rope-dancing appears to have been one of the chief attractions. From the announcements in the newspapers of 1702, we learn that "Her Majesty's Company of Rope-Dancers" performed at "Barnes and Finley's Booth," and undertook to eclipse their former achievements "with as large a Company as they had at Bartholomew Fair." Besides this company, there were ladder-dancers and tumblers of every kind. At Miller's booth entitled "Crispin and Crispiana; or, A Shoemaker's a Prince," was presented, evidently in compliment to the assembled leather-merchants. About this period an attempt was made to suppress the fair; riots ensued, and a constable was killed. Yet, in spite of considerable opposition, the popular institution still continued. In 1721, a portion of the fair-field was built upon, but the annual festival was not extinguished for some years.

One of the favourite amusements of May Fair was the cruel sport of duck-hunting, so long the delight of English butchers. An old wooden public-house, whose sign was the Dog and Duck, formerly stood partly



THE MAY FAIR A CENTURY AGO.

on the site of Hertford Street, and had in its grounds a pond, nearly two hundred feet square, devoted to this pastime. A low kind of fence was built around the water, in order to prevent the excited spectators falling into the pond. As might be expected, these cruel amusements brought a large number of rough spectators together, and, in a curious advertisement of a hunt in the year 1748, the proprietor, Mr. Hooton, "begs his customers won't take it amiss to pay twopence admittance at the gate, and take a ticket, which will be allowed as cash in their reckoning. No

person admitted without a ticket, that such as are not liked may be kept out." Those who brought dogs were considered as patrons of the sport, and were charged only a trifling sum for admission.

Among the various booths and stages at the fair, one erected near the Three Jolly Butchers public-house is of considerable interest from the fact that Woodward, the comedian and harlequin, here made his début as "Merry Andrew." Upon these humble boards he achieved so great a measure of success that he soon afterwards found his way to Covent Garden Theatre.

An even more celebrated character associated with May Fair was a vendor of gingerbread, nicknamed "Tiddy-doll."

REV. A. KEITH, A NOTORIOUS MAY FAIR PARSON.

His eccentricity of character and extensive dealings in the article of his trade marked him out as a curiosity in his way. He was a tall, handsome man, and, for the purpose of attracting popular attention, he affected the dress and manner of a person of rank. Hogarth has introduced Tiddy-doll into his picture of the Idle Prentice at Tyburn, where he is depicted in the act of selling his gingerbread cakes to the assembled crowd of spectators.

This district was once notorious for its clandestine marriages, and May Fair Chapel became even more widely known than the annual fair itself. The building was erected about the year 1730, and, as soon as the Rev. Alexander Keith was appointed to officiate there, he commenced to perform the marriage ceremony without licence, publication of banns, or consent of parents. Through the medium of newspaper advertisements he made known the advantages of this convenient institution with such effect that persons came to be married by him in great numbers. In the year 1742 alone, while the marriages solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square, numbered only forty, upwards of seven hundred were united in the bonds of wedlock at Mr. Keith's Chapel by a ceremony which, although irregular, was perfectly valid and binding. It was at May Fair Chapel that the Duke of Hamilton was married to Miss Gunning in 1752. His Grace, it seems, was impatient for the ceremony to be performed, and, neither wedding-ring nor regular clergy being available, they were married with a bed-curtain ring in Keith's Chapel half an hour after midnight.

Such was the May Fair of olden times, its coarse pastimes and rough manners standing out in striking contrast with the propriety and elegance of the present abode of aristocracy and fashion. Its amusements, its ideas, its robust humour, belongs to a past age. Yet they fill one chapter in the story of old London life, and form, at the same time, a valuable illustration of the wonderful progress—one might almost say, the revolution—in social life which has been so strongly marked in the history of our great Metropolis during the past hundred and fifty years.

ELDON HOPE.





MISS HASTINGS FRASER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE WHITEFRIARS CLUB.

Patronymics are not always appropriate. The White Friars have outgrown their early patronymic. They were christened "Whitefriars" for the simple and prosaic reason that they first saw the light as a corporate body in Whitefriars Street; but long before they reached the age of maturity they had left the home of their birth, and their name had ceased to apply; they had developed from "Whitefriars" to "Fleets," but they had wedded name to fame, and the title they had adopted for its "local colour" they retained for "auld lang syne."

The traditions of the early Friars, who christened the street that christened the club, still survive in the designs of the menu-cards and dinner-tickets of their modern representatives, and the present White Friars look back with sympathy upon the day when their patronymic ancestors sang "To-morrow will be Friday" as they angled for the lusty trout from the Thames Embankment of their time; and yet these fancies owe their origin rather to the name than to the nature of the club.

The peculiar feature of the Whitefriars Club is that it has no peculiar feature, unless, indeed, the fact that it is not a log-rolling fraternity be held to constitute a peculiarity. It was not conceived in idiosyncrasy, nor born of whimsicality, neither has it been developed on eccentricity. Nor is it a club with a mission devoted to the perpetuation of amiable weaknesses or the destruction of dead superstitions. It was born, as other worlds are said to come into existence, "by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms," which atoms, if less brilliant than the nebulae of the heavens, were drawn together by an affinity no less real; and it exists to-day by reason of the natural warmth incident to the aggregation of sympathetic elements, which a common interest in the common pursuit of letters has magnetised, and the spirit of brotherhood has welded, into a world of light and leading which time, as yet, has not had time to cool.

A glance at the list of those present at the opening dinner, held in 1868, will give some idea of the calibre and standing of its earlier members and of the auspices of its inauguration. Henry N. Barnett, editor of the *Sunday Times*, presided, and Tom Hood, the editor of *Fun*, occupied the vice-chair; George Cruikshank, whose name bears the prefix Lieutenant-Colonel, responded for "The Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers"; W. M. Torrens proposed "The Legislature," of which he became a member, and George Augustus Sala responded for "The Visitors"; Hepworth Dixon represented "Literature," and Benjamin Ward Richardson (he was not be(k)nighted then, and could even look "upon the wine when it was red") held the brief for "Science"; F. Sandys was sponsor for "Art," Westland Marston for "The Drama," and Barry Sullivan for "The Stage," to do no more than mention such men as Joseph Knight, one of the best-known of London journalists; Thomas Archer, author of "The Highway of Letters"; Dillon Croker, the walking dictionary of the stage, and the universal impersonator of actors past and present; William Sawyer, author of "Ten Miles from Town," and many other poems; Ashby Sterry, the lyrist of Hambleton Lock and Bolney Ferry; Crawford Wilson, poet and dramatist, author of "Jonathan Oldacre" and "Pastorals and poems," as well as author of the club itself; and many others distinguished in science, art, and letters.

The first home of the Whitefriars Club was Radley's Hotel, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, a hostelry since demolished to make way for newer buildings. On leaving Radley's, the Friars found a home at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet Street, among associations of Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, until, outgrowing this accommodation, they migrated to a new building at the corner of Ludgate Circus, and, later, to share the premises of the Temple Club in Arundel Street, Strand. Their next move was to what appears to have become their permanent home, Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street, and here, for a number of years, in a spacious room facing the "Highway of Letters," upon the first floor, its walls covered with portraits of past and present members, the White Friars have done penance in broadcloth and tobacco-ashes.

A glance at the portraits upon the walls of the club-room revives a host of fascinating recollections. There, in the full vigour of his prime, is William Creswick, whose Shaksperian recitals formed a noteworthy feature in the after-dinner programmes of the past. There, also, to the life as many people knew him, is E. L. Blanchard, who knew, perhaps,

more of the ins and outs, the ups and downs, of journalism and the drama from the 'forties to the 'eighties than any other man of his time; and Jonas Levy, whose autobiography, could he have been induced to write it, would have included, besides that of his own life, more than half a century of the romance of three worlds—the Stage, the Press, and the Bar.

But the glory of the White Friars is not, by any means, a thing of the past. The club was never more healthy in condition or representative in character than it is at the present time. Limited in its numbers, and jealous of its honour, it has been counted exclusive in its policy; but, while requiring, as a matter of course, certain technical qualifications in those admitted to membership, it is by a social and moral standard that election is ultimately determined. The club has thus become an association of *working men* of letters, who, while cherishing the true Bohemian spirit, practise also the sound philosophy which places work first and play afterwards.

The club fixtures are few and simple. The Friars dine together once a week during the winter months, in a room contiguous to the club-room; and the feast-day is Friday, which was the fast-day of the Friars of old time; and they make a summer pilgrimage to the shrine of some literary saint, the scene of some historic or antiquarian interest, or the precincts of some celebrated seat of learning.

At the weekly dinners representatives of all departments of journalism meet to chew the cud and mingle the cup of consolation. The *Standard* lion sits down quietly beside the *Daily News* lamb, and the *Sun* beams benignly across the table at the *Globe*; the war correspondent and the historian of the playing-fields hobnob together, the Army takes wine with the Church, and the Navy interchanges like courtesies with the Bar. William Black, Hall Caine, B. L. Farjeon, George A. Henty, Manville Fenn, Bloundelle Burton, and Henry Frith are but a few of the Friars who tell stories to large listening crowds and enjoy the largess of wide popularity; Harrison Weir, John Proctor, and Irving Montague but representatives of those who draw pictures for the people and earn the name of fame. Of travellers the revealer of "Darkest Africa" may well be made the sponsor, though, behind the name of H. M. Stanley, there are others who have stemmed the storms of either zone and explored the fastnesses of East and West.

Of the summer outings, that made to Gad's Hill and the Dickens' country is full of pleasant memories: the journey to Rochester, the lunch at The Bull Inn, the visit to the cathedral, where, under the guidance of poor old Tope himself, we tried to unravel the mystery of Edwin Drood; the stroll through Cobham Park to The Leather Bottle, where we "passed the rosy" in memory of the immortal Swiveller; the drive to Gad's Hill, where we saw little Nell and her grandfather resting in a cornfield and Quilp asleep in his ugliness beneath a wayside hedge; and, stranger still, heard echoing from the long, long distance the clash of arms in "war's

magnificently stern array" as countless knaves in buckram bore down upon the lusty father of all "rowdy dowdy boys." The excursion of 1893, to Canterbury, will not soon be forgotten, nor will that of 1894 to Oxford. On these occasions, the Friars visit scenes of interest under the direction of local authority, and entertain their guides, philosophers, and friends to dinner in the evening at the best-found hostelry available.

It is, however, the weekly gatherings of the winter months that constitute the chief attraction of the club. At these, politics and religion are barred as matters of discussion, and "speeches" are forbidden by the rules. The lost art of conversation is to some extent revived, the members gathering, not in *coleries* of twos and threes, but, as far as possible, in one group of the whole company, round a genial fire, when the chairman of the day takes the part of "Mr. Johnson," and the "corner-men" push the buttons in the wall—when spirits flag; nay, that were all too seldom—when glasses are looking thirsty.

Much, indeed, the members owe for their comfort and enjoyment at all club gatherings to the honorary officers of the club, T. Heath-Joyce, for many years the club secretary; J. F. Wilson, for a long time its long-suffering treasurer; Richard Gowing, his official successor; and Henry Frith, the present secretary.

As I have said, the peculiar feature of the Whitefriars Club is that it has no peculiar feature; and I will only add that its title to enumeration among the "Literary Cranks of London" is that it has no literary crank.

ALFRED H. MILES.



WHITE FRIAR H. M. STANLEY.—FELIX REGAMEY.

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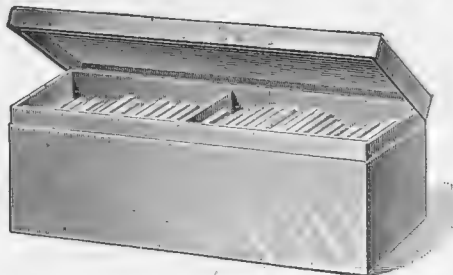
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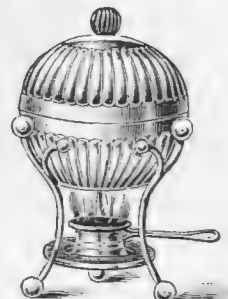
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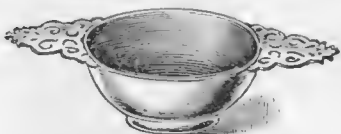
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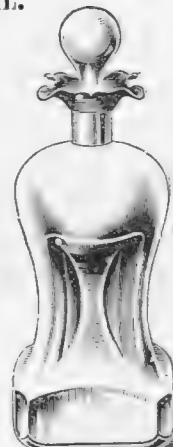


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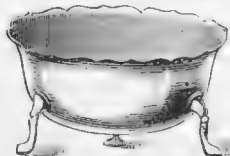
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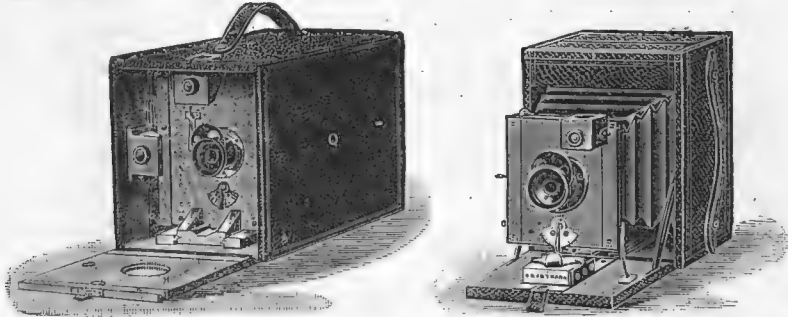
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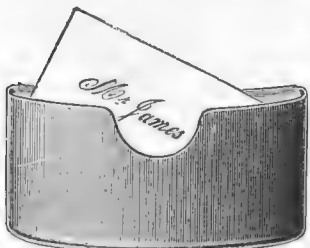
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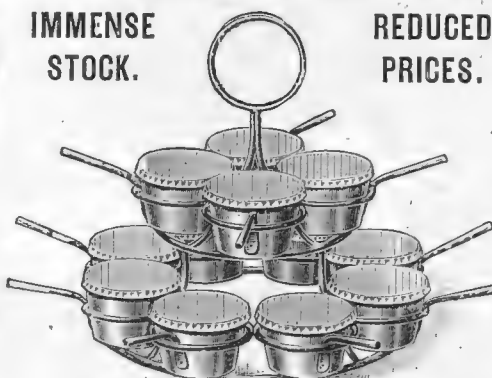
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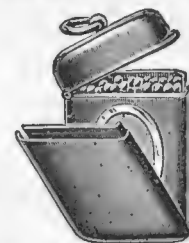
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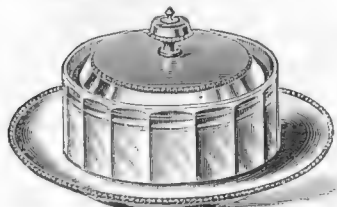
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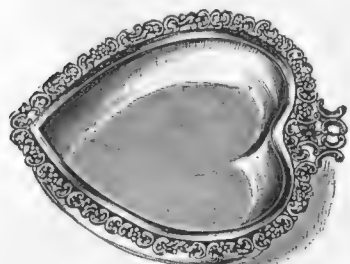
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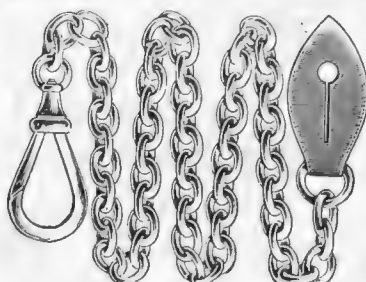
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# THE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP MATCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WATCHING THE GAME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, HOLBORN.

G. B. Ramsey (Sec.).	H. Spencer.	T. Wilkes.	T. Welford.	J. T. Lees (Com.).	J. Grierson (Trainer).
W. Athersmith.	R. Chat.	J. Devey.	D. Hodgetts.	S. Smith.	



J. Reynolds.

G. Russell.

J. Cowan.

ASTON VILLA, THE WINNING TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONS AND THIELE, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## BASEBALL.

From what I can hear, this well-known American game is likely to boom during the coming season. The Yankees in London have always taken a lively interest in their national game, but, up to date, its progress in England has not been of a rapid growth, and, in the Metropolis, the chief efforts which have been made to popularise the game have come from an influential clique belonging to the London music-halls. The London Baseball Association, for instance, owes much to this energetic little coterie, and it is hardly necessary for me to remind my readers that George Knowles is the treasurer of this body, and also a playing member of the Thespian Club, which won the Baseball Championship last year.

The other day I had a chat with Mr. Nelson P. Cook, the secretary of the London Baseball Association, and he told me that extensive alterations have been made at Hyde Farm, Balham, where nearly all the principal matches are played. An eight-foot fence has been erected to encircle the ground, and the pavilion has been re-painted and decorated on the most improved scale. The prime event of the season will, of course, be the opening of the ground, which takes place next Saturday, the contesting teams being the Remington Typewriters and Dewar's. At this gathering, the Lord Mayor, who is president of the Association, and the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, United States Ambassador, have both promised to attend, and it is interesting to note that the whole of the receipts will be given to the Gordon Boys' Home. Previous to the game, which will begin at 2.30, there will be an exhibition of curve-pitching, by Messrs. Saxby, Cunningham, Achew, and Post. Those of my readers who are not conversant with the art of pitching should certainly pay a visit to Hyde Farm next Saturday. It is a science which, in my opinion, is quite superior in the matter of skill and judgment to cricket bowling, although I am aware that the point is a decidedly contentious one.

Returning to matters connected with the Association, it may be remarked that the four leading London clubs include Thespian's, Remington's, Fuller's, and Dewar's, all of whose members are well versed in the science of the game.

## CRICKET.

May flowers and cricket! A happy connection! The colts have now been weighed in the balance, and, for the most part, trial matches are over. To-day will see the opening of the cricket season at Lord's, when the M.C.C. meet Notts, and, seeing that the lace county have the honour of leading the way, there will, doubtless, be a large attendance at the St. John's Wood enclosure. In the evening the annual meeting and dinner of the M.C.C. will take place. To-morrow the trial matches at Cambridge will commence, and next Monday the Dark Blues follow suit. On this date also Essex open their season at Birmingham with a match against Warwickshire, and at Lord's the M.C.C. play Leicestershire.

Speaking about the Essex Club reminds me that the Annual General Meeting will be held to-morrow evening in the Leyton pavilion, to be followed by a dinner. The four retiring members of the committee, Messrs. R. C. Gosling, A. J. Edwards, G. Pagensteeher, and W. Comerford, offer themselves for re-election. The muster-roll stands at 1097 gentlemen and 112 ladies, 403 new members having been enrolled since April, 1894. The cricket was disappointing, but the football has been a great success. The cricket receipts were £394 10s., and expenses £863 18s. 7d.; whereas football produced £1763 1s. 2d., of which £1492 14s. 6d. was paid out, including £159 on stands, alterations, &c. Apart from the loan by Mr. C. M. Tebbut of £2000, there is a liability of £131 3s. 5d., with £14 13s. 1d. in hand. The ground opens to members on Saturday next, at two o'clock.

## CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

The glorious weather of the past few weeks has been a perfect godsend to English wheelmen. Although some people imagined that a strong counter-attraction at the Crystal Palace would interfere with the attendance at the Surrey Bicycle Meeting, there was a tremendous crowd at the Oval, and the racing proved to be of the most exciting order. I was rather surprised to see Lewis Stroud turning out in the ten-mile race for the Surrey Cup, for rumour had it that the young solicitor was retiring from the track this season. Since last year Stroud has increased somewhat in bulk, and no one was surprised to see him drop out before the finish.

It was from the Oval, on the same day, that Mr. Jefferson started on his journey to Moscow as a special commissioner for one of the cycling papers. Mr. Jefferson, who is an influential member of the Catford C.C., may be remembered as the rider who left London last year on a similar trip to Constantinople, and he returned in time to publish an interesting book on his adventures among the Turks and the prospects of cycling in that country. Mr. Jefferson is a well-known cycling journalist, who possesses a distinct literary style, and it is quite probable that he will repeat last year's experiment, and publish another diary of reminiscences.

The London County Club has a very ambitious programme this year, and Mr. Lacy Hillier, who is nothing if not enterprising, actually advertised last Saturday's meeting on the windows of the London omnibuses—an experiment which well repaid his efforts, for there was a large and influential gathering. The Catford C.C. are lying low until May 18, when they will open their new track with a great flourish of trumpets and an excellent programme, and from that day forward a keen competition for public patronage is likely to commence between the rival South London

clubs. An interesting novelty in the programme of the Catford on May 18 is a one-mile tandem safety match, in which it is said that four of the speediest riders in England will compete. The Catford Club is, perhaps, one of the most influential road-racing clubs in the South of England, and it can also boast of branch head-quarters in Paris. There is a large and ever-growing membership, but I am inclined to think that one of the chief reasons of its success has been due to the strong cycling personalities who have been connected with the club since its formation. These include men like Mr. Charles P. Sisley, Mr. James Blair, and Mr. Louis Jefferson.

Although F. E. Bacon had a rather serious accident about a couple of days before the event, he managed to win the ten-mile championship of the Amateur Athletic Association at Stamford Bridge with a fair amount of ease, and thus robbed Sid Thomas of the honours. The holder ran very well at the start, but he cracked all of a sudden, and left the path, leaving Watkins to contest the championship with Bacon. The winner is, no doubt, one of the finest athletes in the three kingdoms—and, as a matter of fact, on present form he stands alone.

One of the chief athletic meetings next Saturday will be the meeting of the Essex Beagles at Stamford Bridge, when the ten-mile champion is again expected to take part. Although C. A. Bradley had to disappoint the public a few weeks ago at the Oval, the English champion has consented to join in a level hundred-yards race, and two of his chief opponents will be A. R. Downer, the well-known Scottish champion, and Max Wittenberg, of the Salford Harriers.

## GOLF.

Link-followers are reminded that the annual spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews will be held to-day, when the silver cross and Bombay medal will be competed for. This is always an interesting meeting, in view of the amateur championship competitions, which are to be held in the second week of May, and form will be closely scrutinised. A dinner will take place in the club-house to-night, after the competitions.

## FOOTBALL.

I stated the other week, in this column, that Mr. Arthur Gould, who is the most famous three-quarter back playing, had said that the penalising of three-quarter backs for getting in front of the scrum would ruin three-quarter-back play. Mr. Gould, however, writes me: "I beg to say I have never expressed such an opinion; but, on the contrary, am altogether in favour of the proposal, and quite think that three-quarter play will be doomed unless this proposal is carried." I apologise.

My remarks on football, as a dying sport, must be necessarily brief this week, and I have only space to congratulate Aston Villa on winning the English Cup at the Crystal Palace after one of the hardest and, for a match of this description, one of the most interesting and scientific contests of the season. It was certainly a very lucky stroke for the Villa to score the winning goal before the expiration of the first minute, but their subsequent play was far superior to that of the Albion, and, for once, the better team won distinctly on their merits. Of the vast crowd at the Palace grounds I will not now speak in detail, for it is a matter of history; but I must certainly add my tribute of admiration, to many others which have been passed, of the new sports arena, and I sincerely trust Londoners will have many more opportunities of seeing the final tie, as well as that of our own internationals, played at this charming and representative venue.

The Corinthians have not been having it all their own way during the present season. They have played 23 matches, drawn 5, and lost 5, with a goal record of 76 as against 49. The Old Corinthians came a bad cropper at Leyton the other day, for in the final tie of the London Charity Cup competition they went down before London Caledonians by three goals to one. They were entirely outplayed, although some allowance ought, perhaps, to be made for Charterhouse, in view of their replayed Amateur Cup-Tie in the North. Murison was in grand form, and shot two out of the three goals.

Everyone is congratulating Sunderland on winning the League Championship, and they certainly deserve all the encomiums that have been passed on their efforts during the past season. Everton takes second place on the list, and Aston Villa runs third. Bury has, of course, won the Second Division Championship, looking round, as we say, with Notts County, and Newton Heath third.

Speaking of the English Cup competition, it may be interesting to note that the following clubs are exempted from the preliminary stages for the renewed struggle in 1895-6: Aston Villa, West Bromwich Albion, Sheffield Wednesday, Sunderland, Notts County, Notts Forest, Blackburn Rovers, Sheffield United, Everton, Derby County, Liverpool, Small Heath, Bolton Wanderers, Preston North End, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Burnley, Stoke, Newton Heath, Bury, Darwen, Woolwich Arsenal, and Burton Wanderers. This list, of course, does not include the four clubs taking part in the recent semi-finals. OLYMPIAN.



MR. ARTHUR GOULD.

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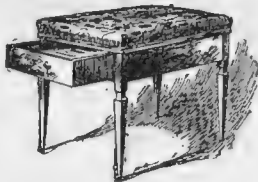
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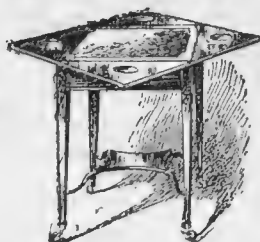
Dark Mahogany Corner Chair,  
with underframing,  
Seat upholstered in handsome  
tapestry, finished copper nails,  
27s. 6d.



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23 in. by 15 in.  
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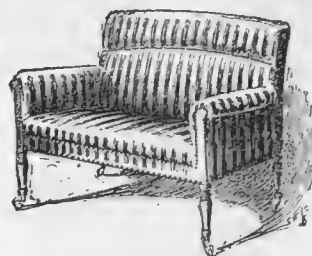
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry,  
39s. 6d.



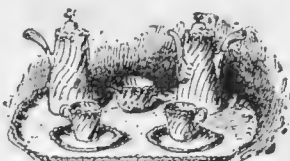
Card-Table, Envelope Folding,  
2ft. 7in. across top, £2 15s.



Floor-Lamp,  
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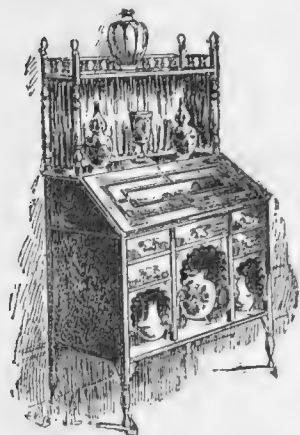
Settee in Striped Velvet,  
Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in.  
£5 10s.



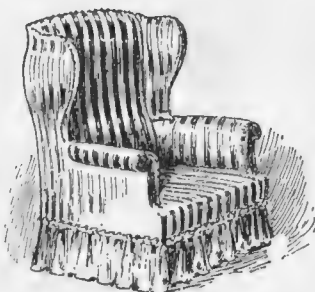
Café-au-Lait Minton China, white  
and gold fluted, £1 1s.



Claret-Jug,  
Fine Cut  
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Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak.  
4 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 7 in. wide.  
£4 15s.



The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high,  
27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED  
ALL HAIR, 85s.

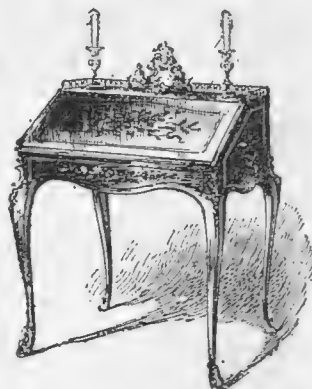
With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce  
as shown, £5 15s.



China-Cabinet, Chippendale Mahogany  
4 ft. 7 in. high by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £5 15s.



In Tapestry, 70s.



Lady's Bureau, Inlaid Rosewood,  
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3 ft. high, 2 ft. 2 in. wide,  
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"SANITAS" kills all Disease Germs.

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"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," post-free.



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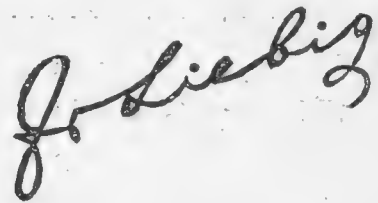
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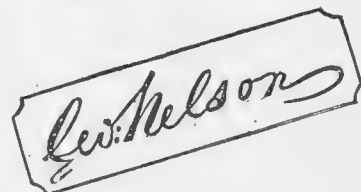
## LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE

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## NELSON'S OPAQUE GELATINE. (For First-Class Jellies.)

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## THE WIGGINS EXPEDITION TO SIBERIA.

BY C. P. BYFORD, THE PURSER.

It was on Aug. 8 last that the expedition to Siberia, under the leadership of Captain Wiggins, left Shields. It was composed of forty-nine men, of whom twenty-one were Englishmen or Scotsmen, seventeen were Swedes, Norwegians, and Finlanders, and the rest consisted of Germans, French and Spanish, and one Greek. Many of the men were over sixty years of age. The steam-yacht *Blencathra* pioneered the way for the two Russian paddle-steamers, *Pervoi* and *Vtoroi*, built for the Russian Government, the steamship *Stjernen* following two days later, and joining the fleet at Vardo. On Aug. 25 all the vessels left Vardo, and proceeded for the Kara Sea. The weather being boisterous, the *Blencathra* returned with her passengers, and the *Stjernen* took the lead, and proceeded safely through the Waigatch Straits, sighting Dickson's Island on Sept. 6. On rounding this island, the Yenisei River was entered, and the destination, Lookovoi Protock, was safely reached. The paddle-steamers were duly handed over to the Russian authorities, and the small cargo per *Stjernen* was transferred to the river steamer for Yeniseisk.

On Sept. 15 the *Stjernen* weighed anchor, homeward bound, encountering fresh winds and rain down the Yenisei, and afterwards fog and ice in the Kara Sea. All went well until Sept. 22, when the *Stjernen* ran on to the reefs about ten miles to the eastward of Petts' Straits; she was steaming about six knots an hour at the time, and, by the force of the waves and the wind, was driven up within a quarter of a mile of the shore. After every endeavour had been made to get her head to seaward, we were obliged to abandon all hopes of concluding what might have been a successful voyage by sea, and our attention was given to saving our lives. At tremendous risk, Captain Brown succeeded in landing a party of men through the heavy surf. A rope was eventually taken on shore and made fast to the cliffs, and this helped the remainder to land with a small stock of provisions and some tarpaulins for tents.

Twelve hours after the ship had struck we were all on shore, wet and hungry, with most of our provisions damaged by sea-water, with no shelter but that of the temporary tents rigged up on the marshy ground. We eked out a miserable existence for some days until a valiant party set off to seek for assistance, making for the small village of Chabrova. They were fortunate enough to fall in with some natives and a Russian merchant, Ivan Alexandrovitch Koshevin, who immediately set to work to rescue us. By Oct. 15 the camp was deserted, with the exception of two Samoyedes, with their sledge and eight dogs, who remained as watchmen during the winter. We saw the last of the *Stjernen*, solidly frozen in, and, to all appearances, looking as if she were still mistress of the sea, but in the spring-time she must become a hopeless wreck, as the ice will break her to pieces.

We joined our comrades at Chabrova, where preparations were being made for the journey to the next station, 800 versts away. We set out with three Samoyede families and their chooms, sixty sledges, and about

three hundred reindeer, the whole forming a caravan of more than a mile in length. We were more than glad to turn our backs upon this gruesome spot, where it would have been impossible for us to have wintered without terrible privations. Indeed, the unfortunate



THE WRECK OF THE STJERNEN, AS SEEN OCT. 5, 1894.

inhabitants of Chabrova the year previous had all succumbed from cold and scurvy, and their coffins lay side by side about one hundred yards from the priest's house. We split up into three parties on account of the scarcity of good feeding-ground for the reindeer.



Perfecto Como. C. Davies (sailor). Jonson (boatswain). C. P. Byford (purser). George Rosales (Greek sailor). Arvidson (fireman). W. Milor (cook).  
(under-steward, age 16).

SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION: PHOTOGRAPHED AT REVAL.



For thirty-two days we were travelling with the Samoyedes, erecting our chooms at night on the snow and carrying them with us on the sledges during the day. These chooms were very smoky, from the wood fire in the centre; but any shelter was welcome, for sometimes the air was fearfully keen and rarefied, and, without exception, everybody was frost-bitten. Living with the kind but dirty and dissipated people was not altogether a happy existence. They are a peaceable race, and did everything in their power to make us comfortable. Too much cannot be said of their hospitality. We encountered many incidents on the journey—blinding snowstorms, scarcity of fuel, and attacks on the camp by wolves, which devoured two of our reindeer.

We arrived at Postezursk, heartily sick of the wretched choom life, and found our comrades comfortably housed. Our sick were doctored, and a Russian bath prepared for all the men. Our stay was of short duration, and our kind friends the Samoyedes had to be substituted for the Yemshek with a covered sledge and horses. We travelled two in a sledge, with one horse, through forests of pine, fir, larch, and birch trees, travelling at the rate of about two miles an hour for one month, until we reached Archangel; there and elsewhere we experienced great kindness and sympathy, the sick men being well cared for in the hospitals—some of them had to be left behind.

It was not until we reached St. Petersburg that we dispensed with the sledges, and proceeded by the welcome iron horse to Reval, where modern clothing was provided in exchange for our fur costumes. Most of us arrived in London towards the end of January, while the last member of the crew of the *Stjernen*, *Perfecto Como*, a Spaniard by birth, who was in a consumptive state when shipped at Newcastle, arrived in London ten days ago, and is now in Greenwich Hospital. This poor fellow suffered more from frost-bite than any of his companions, and had to be carried in and out of his sledge. After being in the hospital at Archangel for nineteen days, he was brought through to Reval, where he was obliged to stay, and was left in the hospital, with inflammation of the lungs, and both his feet still in a bad state from the effects of the cold. Those who had the care of the sick men well know the trouble and anxiety these poor fellows gave; and they required constant attention, therefore caution should be taken in the future to select none but hardy men, able to withstand the elements in these northern regions.

#### SUMMED UP.

"I am willing to be your devoted slave!"  
Cried the lover with eyes aflame;  
"I am willing to kneel at your feet all day  
And perform any service you name;  
I am willing to crawl on the earth, if you wish,  
And kiss the dear tip of your shoe—"  
"Or, to sum it all up," interrupted the girl,  
"You are willing to be my cuckoo."—*Judge.*



MISS LYDIA HILL.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. Garrett Moore, or "Garry," as he is known to his more intimate friends, is well qualified to manage a stable of racehorses, as he has had a big experience. Mr. Moore presides over the Lambourne stables, and in Browne he has a useful lieutenant. Mr. Moore, like an Irish amateur sportsman, used to ride across country a good deal, and he has, in his day, landed home some good winners; so, too, has his brother, Mr. Willie Moore, who has a training establishment at Weyhill, where *Why Not* was prepared for the Grand National last year. Mr. Garrett Moore formerly lived at Winchester, but on the death of the trainer of *Bendigo* and other flyers, he migrated to Lambourne, where the going is always sound, although, be it added, it is a most outlandish neighbourhood. Mr. Garrett Moore is very successful with two-year-olds of the plating class, and last year he could not do wrong in selling-races. G. Brown, a most successful jockey, has this season been retained to ride for the stable, and it can safely be asserted that some good prizes will go in that direction presently.



MR. GARRETT MOORE.

Photo by Robinson, Regent Street.

The Two Thousand Guineas will, I take it, be a very pretty race, although many of our classic three-year-olds are not quite fit. I take it, from latest information, that the race will be won by *Raconteur*, who has pleased Jewitt much of late. The One Thousand is considered to be a good thing for *Float* if she goes to the post, and it is just on the cards that this filly, who is the best of her year, will also win the Oaks—that is, if she does not run in the Derby.

After making observations for some time, I have come to the conclusion that jockeys occasionally get off form, the same as horses do. When a rider, however fashionable he may be, has had, say, a dozen consecutive losing mounts on horses that on paper seemed to have good chances, he should take a rest for at least a fortnight. It is the same in riding races as in shooting or playing billiards—a man, to "succeed, must be successful." A few reverses unnerve the best of sportsmen, whether they are riding, shooting, or handling the cue.

I am told the telegraphic business in connection with our racecourses has grown tremendously of late. It seems the advertising tipsters have now to telegraph their tips direct from the course to their clients, who kick against receiving special vaticination manufactured in town. Again, items of personal gossip are in such great demand by evening newspapers that a lot of extra matter of this sort is now sent by wire. It must in justice be said that the telegraph operators do their work well, and one seldom finds an error either in names or figures.

Ascot will soon be upon us. It is not a far cry to June 18, when will open one of the best meetings of the year. Major Clements has devoted great attention to the course, which will, I think, carry plenty of herbage on the present occasion. As I have written before, it is a thousand pities that the space at the back of the Royal Enclosure, now used for stables for the royal horses and for the police, cannot be added to the paddock. We should then get rid of the tunnel, which is a big source of annoyance. By-the-bye, were Major Clements to rail off a path in front of the ring, as is done at Gatwick and Lewes, the tunnel need not be used at all.

The fight for the jockey championship is likely to be very severe this year. At present there are only two in it, namely, M. Cannon and T. Loates. The latter has an advantage, as he can go to scale lighter than his opponent; but it is in Cannon's favour that he gets all mounts that are really good, and he has yet to ride many of the Kingsclere horses. John Porter has a very useful lot of two-year-olds, which should help to swell Cannon's score. Further, Ryan's stable is in form.

The amateur plungers have had a rare innings of late, and it is said they have, by backing lots and other schemes, taken thousands out of the ring. I am not so sure that the success of these gentlemen is calculated to do good to the Turf. On the other hand, I am certain many owners object to having their market so often interfered with, and I am certain that, if the Jockey Club took cognisance of betting, any man other than the owner would not be allowed to have, say, more than five hundred pounds on any one horse.

## TO METAMORPHOSE FAT PERSONS.

We were reading in a well-known weekly paper how to reduce obesity, wherein it is stated that "The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), containing the 'recipe,' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, sixpence." We had the curiosity to send to this specialist, and found to our surprise that he had discovered a simple herbal remedy, most pleasant to the taste, which entirely disposed of the necessity of starving oneself if he wished to be rid of all superfluous matter. An interesting point which goes to prove that the almost magical compound is beyond doubt harmless, is that in prescribing it in a tentative way to lean persons, or rather to those who carry no superfluity of fat beyond that which is required as fuel for Nature's furnace, the medicine is absolutely inoperative, attacking only that unhealthy, disease-creating waste accumulation which is the burden of the fat creature's existence. In many cases where people take decoctions reputed to be new medical discoveries to cure some specific disease, they may recover by the action of the medicine, or Nature may have effected her own cure. In the case of corpulency, if a simple remedy undertakes to reduce a person, say 7 lb. in a week, all that one has to do is to get weighed, and thus prove it conclusively. So it is with Mr. Russell's compound, but he asks you to prove it in twenty-four hours only.

The following are extracts from other journals:

## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending sixpence in stamps (cost of postage), a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had post free from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

## GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthily fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard

has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simple wonderful. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs sixpence, post free; and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading.—*Southport Visitor*.

## HOW OBESITY MAY BE CURED.

We have before us a little pamphlet on "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Square, London, W.C., who goes into the causes and cure of the disease with bold certainty of his curative powers. Here the author is "matter-of-fact." He makes no mystery whatever about his cure. This is not like the treatment of an ordinary disease, for all the doubtful person has to do is to go to one of the "penny in the slot" weighing-machines and ascertain for himself how much weight he has lost. The results are really astounding. I can quite understand those who put people on some sort of starvation diet losing an amount of fat, but in this case he simply smiles and calls your attention to the fact that when the first 2 lb. are lost, the system becomes more healthy and requires more food. Fat people must not miss this book, and it only costs sixpence, post free.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

# With the Japanese Troops.

JAMES CREELMAN, the American War Correspondent, in his despatch to New York, dated PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 24, 1894, writes:

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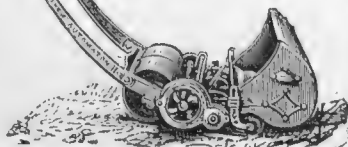
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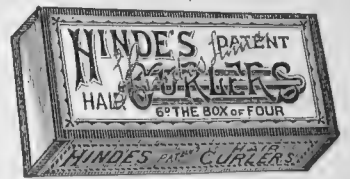
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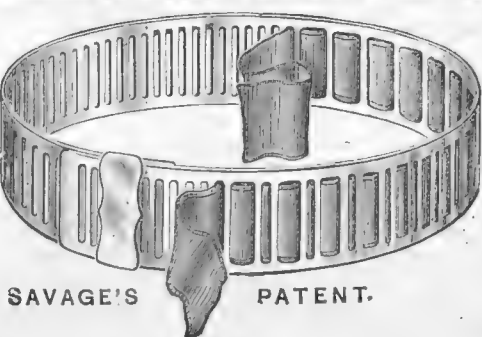
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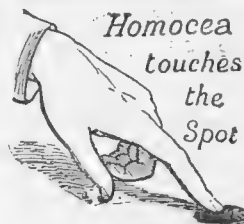
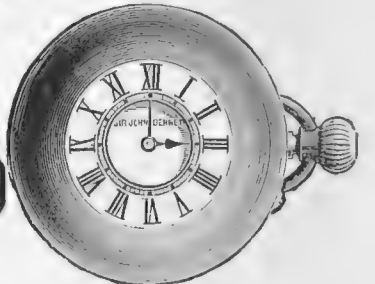
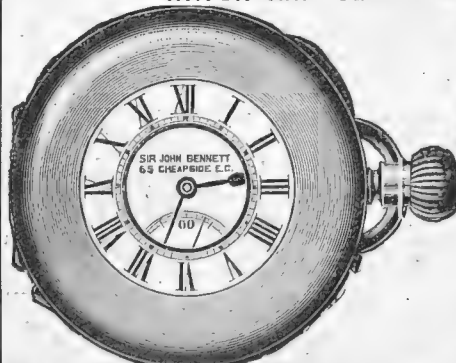
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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

The latest stage-exponent of the art of dressing well is Miss Gertrude Kingston, in "The Passport," at Terry's, her two gowns being veritable inspirations, as, indeed, her clothes generally are. What do you think, for instance, of a violet cloth gown—not an aggressive violet, but a pretty, subdued shade, almost a deep tone of mauve—with a bodice front



MISS KINGSTON IN "THE PASSPORT" (ACT I.).

of buttercup-yellow satin, partially covered by a centre band of the cloth, on which is laid an appliqué of mellow-tinted guipure, while at each side there is a strap of violet satin ribbon slightly overhanging the waist, the yellow gleaming between with excellent effect? The downward curve of the shoulders is accentuated by plain epaulettes of the lace, beneath which the sleeves stand out in the orthodox balloon-like puff, and, to relieve the simplicity of the bodice at the back, the cloth is ornamented with two lines of gold braid, each finishing in a quaint little twist. And yet this is not all, for there is a skirt-edging of chinchilla, and a touch of the same lovely fur at the wrists, the costume being completed by a violet satin toque, softened by a border of chinchilla, in which nestle two yellow rosettes, a black ostrich-tip nodding gracefully at the left side. But its charms faded from my mind, for the time being, before the glories of Miss Kingston's second gown, which was fashioned of chiné silk in the palest possible shade of tan, scattered over with a shower of diminutive pink roses and their attendant leaves, the skirt, with a tiny rouleau edging of bright rose-pink satin, standing out in a manner which suggested a lining of horsehair, and even hinted at the presence of platinum wire! The sleeves, too, were the fullest of the full, and it struck me that a close investigation would have revealed the presence of a crinoline-like arrangement of whalebone, this being the latest idea for the distending of our sleeves, which will, by means of such friendly aid, disdain to become limp and depressed under any circumstances. Truly the ingenuity of those who aspire to Dame Fashion's favour is practically endless. But, meanwhile, Miss Kingston's gown awaits completion, so, leaving the skirt and sleeves to look after themselves, let us turn our attention to the bodice, which is entirely veiled with full folds of cream

net, embroidered with wee flowers and glittering with silver paillettes, interspersed with tiny diamonds, braces being also added of handsome jet passementerie, which, crossing at the back, terminate in front with great petal-shaped cabochons, which dangle over the deep satin waistband. A cluster of full-blown pink roses is set at each side of the pink satin collar, and, needless to say, the skirt-lining, of rose-pink silk, with a full pinked-out frill as edging, plays a by no means unimportant part, for, in these days of outstanding skirts, it behoves one to pay great attention to the lining thereof, which reveals itself, to a more or less extent, with every movement. Nor must I forget Miss Kingston's hat, which had several black ostrich-tips curling gracefully over the wide brim of dark-brown straw, the full crown, of white satin, being embroidered with silver and diamonds, and encircled by a trail of pink roses. This costume is supposed to be worn at a wedding in the play, and, indeed, it is an ideal wedding garment, which would enable the guest who appeared in it to be pleasantly certain that she would attract to herself a certain amount of the attention which is generally considered to be the exclusive property of the bride, as the heroine of the hour.

A bridesmaid's gown—worn on the same occasion by pretty Miss Grace Lane—is also worthy of the notice of brides-elect, for a bevy of damsels attired in this way would form a pretty and effectively harmonising background to their own white satin gown. The material proper is white crêpon, and the bodice is made beautiful by a deep collar, bretelles; and waistband of pale mauve satin, covered with white lace, and bordered with a narrow, pleated frill of mauve chiffon. Two bands of the satin and lace, with the same soft edging, pass down each side of the skirt from the waist, and crowning all is a white straw hat, lined with white chiffon, and trimmed with cloudy puffings of mauve chiffon, and upstanding sprays of orchids, shading from pale mauve to deepest violet. To complete the category, there is a going-away dress for Miss Kate Tully which is altogether charming. It consists of a Princess



MISS KINGSTON IN "THE PASSPORT" (ACT II.).

robe of tender-green cloth, the sheath-like bodice widening out below the hips into the orthodoxly full skirt, while the only relief to its simplicity is a broad band of white glacé ribbon, with a design of pink roses, which starts from each shoulder, is drawn together at the waist, and then spreads down the skirt in long sash-ends. There is a high bow of the ribbon on the right shoulder, and the soft ruffled collar is of white



chiffon, while on the white lace hat appear sundry rosettes and bow-ends of turquoise-blue satin in conjunction with crimson and yellow roses.

But I could not think of leaving stage fashions till I chronicled the charms of the gowns in "The Ladies' Idol," at the Vaudeville, for there is much to be learnt from them, I can assure you. To begin with the heroine, Miss May Palfrey (who, as the bride of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, claims a special share of attention), you would think that nothing could be prettier than her first gown, till you had seen her second, and then you would divide the honours. The first, then, has a skirt of pale-tan crêpon, and a bodice of turquoise-blue satin, covered with white lace, the collar and waistband being composed of a combination of pink and blue satin, which is exceedingly pretty, the crêpon sleeves, too, having a puffing of satin and lace let in at the side, and being finished with turned-back pink cuffs. Pink roses and forget-me-nots are the flowers which bloom on the cream Leghorn hat, and Miss Palfrey carries a blue satin sunshade, with a lining and a frothy frill of pink chiffon, and a bow of pink and blue satin ribbon on the handle. An ideal garden-party dress is worn in Act II., the lining of rose-pink silk, covered with white silk muslin, with many insertion rows and tiny frills of lace, the bodice, with its cascades of chiffon and lace, having a loosely knotted sash of pink satin, with a great bunch of roses at the waist. The transparent elbow-sleeves, of white chiffon, are exceedingly pretty and delightfully cool-looking; and, of course, there are roses of every shade of pink on the white hat, with its becoming lining of pink chiffon.

Equally noteworthy in its cool, flower-like loveliness is Miss Esmé Beringer's second dress of silk in a delicate shade of green, exactly matching the leaves of the lilies-of-the-valley which are tucked into the waistband of darker-green silk. There is a frilled fichu of white chiffon, and the sleeves finish at the elbow with a soft chiffon frill, the accompanying hat of pale-green straw being trimmed with white lace wings, white quills, and clusters of Neapolitan violets. Of Miss Beringer's other two gowns, the first is of white crêpon, with a vest and sleeve puffings of cream satin, veiled with coarse-meshed net; and the last of pale-tan cloth, the skirt opening in front over a petticoat of pale-pink satin, and the bodice, with its smart, full basques lined with pink, having a blouse-front of white silk and revers and cuffs of dark-brown velvet. The Sappho hat, of pink straw, is trimmed with a big bow of lace, and forms a resting-place for a white-plumaged bird with outspread wings—the only one jarring note in Miss Beringer's pretty costumes, for, surely, we can be content with the exquisite reproductions of every imaginable flower, without adorning our head-gear—save the mark!—with stuffed corpses. It may be a brutal way of putting it, but what else are they?

As an example of a startling and, withal, successful combination of colours and materials, I cannot do better than give you Miss Helen Ferrers' second dress, which, with a skirt of silver-grey satin, brocaded with giant leaves, has a bodice of orange-yellow velvet, with a glittering shower of steel sequins and beads falling in points from the band of steel passementerie which outlines the yoke, while the collar and waistband are actually of mauve velvet, fastened with steel buckles! And yet I can assure you that, in conjunction with a yellow chiffon sunshade, which has a great bunch of violets tied on to the handle, and a shot-straw bonnet bedecked with satin rosettes and flowers, this costume is almost perfect, though the scheme of colouring, when put down in words, may surprise you. I also fell in love with a regally handsome cloak, worn by Miss Homfrey in the last act over a black satin gown, with a scarf of yellowish old lace draped over the bodice and falling down the skirt in front, where it is caught with sundry bunches of violets. The cloak itself is of black satin, with an appliqué design of large single palm-leaves in gold and silver, the high collar and the cascade drapery at each side of the Watteau back being edged with a narrow band of dark fur. Indeed, Miss Homfrey as an imposing Duchess, aged about forty, would serve as an excellent model for matrons who want to dress becomingly and well, and, withal, in graceful keeping with their age, for she has solved the difficult problem to perfection.

And now I think that we can step off the stage and turn our attention to the good things with which Dame Fashion has provided us on the other side of the footlights. And if it seemed to me that her most attractive productions just now consisted of hats and bonnets, it may have been that I was influenced by the fact that, at the moment, I was one of the admiring crowd who may always be found worshipping at one or other of the millinery shrines bearing the famous name of Louise, for I can confidently affirm that I have never yet seen the woman—let her age be what it may—who could pass by one of those treasure-laden windows without stopping to have one long look therein. Most people do as I did, and find themselves drawn inside to make further explorations, with as little thought of resistance as the needle which rushes to the magnet. Another reason for my investigations was the fact that one of my male relatives was moving heaven and earth to obtain some shares in the new company, "Louise and Co., Limited," into which Madame Louise is merging her various businesses, and so, though company-promoting is a thing which usually lies outside my sphere of interest altogether, this seemed quite a different matter, and one which appealed to every woman who had ever admired, either afar off or in the near light of happy possession, one of the Louise confections. For the first time in my life, I had a mad desire to become a shareholder—what woman would not wish to have a share of some kind in a business which could produce such inspirations of genius as the hats and bonnets whose glories I am going to disclose to you?

Take, for instance, then, a gold-crowned bonnet, set round with five

clumps of soft pink roses, and adorned at the left side with two ends of mellow-tinted lace, fastened by a fascinating little silver-and-diamond lizard; or another golden, helmet-shaped erection, backed by a great cream lace bow, while in front there was another bow, this time of black net thickly studded with jet sequins; and then prepare for fresh beauties, of which I have a goodly stock in store. The most striking, perhaps, was a bonnet of shimmering sequins in an indescribably beautiful shade of blue, with a fold and bow of velvet exactly matching the sequins in colour, and at each side of the back a dangling pear-shaped cabochon of jet, while, high in front, there rose a tight little cluster of lilies-of-the-valley. No sooner had I exhausted all my adjectives in praise of this lovely thing of beauty than I was called upon to find a fresh supply for a delightful toque, which had a crown entirely composed of yellow king-cups, held in with folds of creamy lace, which, in conjunction with black jet-sequined net and clusters of shaded pansies and lilies-of-the-valley, composed the trimming. There were pansies, too, on another toque—giant velvet flowers in purple and yellow surrounding the crown of shot-green, mauve, and blue straw, the same colours being reproduced in the shot glacé ribbon which was another feature of this eminently *chic* head-covering; and, after having gazed on its charms for some time, I resolutely withdrew from 226, Regent Street, before I was led into any extravagance in the double desire to beautify myself and add my mite to the profits of the new company. But, alas and alack! my wanderings led me only to another centre of temptation, this time at 234, Oxford Street, and so—in your interests, please note, not my own—I went inside to see what I could find there.

In the first place, I discovered a toque of rose-pink straw, trimmed with what, at first sight, appeared to be some full-blown pink roses, but which, on closer inspection, turned out to be rosettes of the straw itself, the only relief in the way of trimming being two black ostrich-tips at the left side. It was wonderfully smart, and a distinct contrast to the flower-bedecked varieties which are the order of the day, but which are going to share their popularity with these things of beauty and of straw. A wonderful combination of green and blue in the shape of a shot-straw hat, trimmed with vivid blue cornflowers and glacé ribbon, which took fresh shades with every movement, would have converted the most devoted follower of the old crusade against the mixture of green and blue. It clashed no more than does the blue of the cornflower with the green of its sheath and stalk, and Nature never makes inharmonious mistakes. As to the hats, there was one of cream guipure and loop straw, in shot green and brown, trimmed with shot glacé ribbon and a branch of dark-mauve lilac, tied together by a bow of broad-bladed grass, which seemed to me to be particularly desirable; and then a most successful example of the "Sappho" hat was in cream Leghorn, the brim turned up with black lace straw and filled in with masses of white and yellow roses and tender-green foliage, while two black ostrich-tips were placed just where they added most to the effect. And so I might go on in humble imitation of the persevering brook, but I leave you to carry on the quest for yourselves; you are sure to come across one or other of Madame Louise's establishments on your next shopping expedition, for in addition to those at 266 and 268, Regent Street, and 210 and 210a, Regent Street, there is the one at 59, Brompton Road, S.W., Marguerite's shop at 234, Oxford Street, and the Bonnet Box at 74 and 75, High Street, Shoreditch, E. So, good luck to the new company! say I.

As a final word, let me introduce you to that most desirable of all acquaintances, a thoroughly reliable tailor, who will make a perfectly fitting and well-finished gown for a moderate sum. I had discovered and secured such a treasure some time since in the person of Mr. Mark Benjamin, and followed him from 18, Edgware Road, to his new premises at 30, Orchard Street (two doors from Oxford Street), and, as they are particularly easy of access to dwellers in any part of London or the suburbs, let me advise you to make your speedy way there, for a tailor-made gown is an absolute necessity for present wear. If you look at the gown illustrated, with its smart open-fronted coat-bodice, finished at the back with full, short basques, and having a turned-down collar and revers in some contrasting colour, and then realise that, in tweed or covert-coating of any imaginable colour, you can obtain such a dress for the modest sum of four guineas (made to order, please note), you will see that Mr. Benjamin deserves to be cultivated. He makes a feature of these four-guinea gowns, and varies the style considerably to suit all tastes; and, when summer advances, he will substitute coloured duck or linen for those who desire a smart, cool costume. Need I say more? I fancy not, for well I know that many of you are on the lookout for just such a tailor, and, having once discovered him, you are not likely to forget him,



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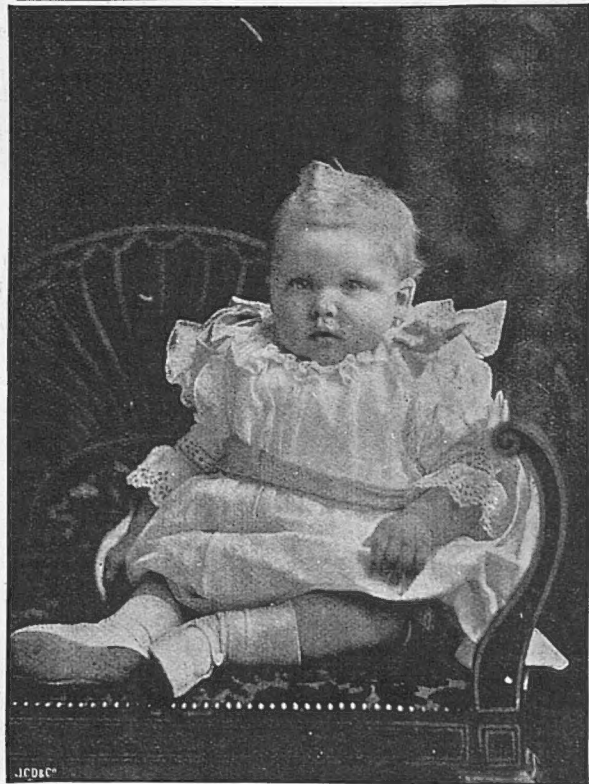
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The bye-elections have certainly weakened the position of the Government. The result at Mid-Norfolk was a totally unexpected blow, and the Unionists are very jubilant at winning another seat where the agricultural vote is predominant. Indeed, all the signs point to a collapse of the Government's programme everywhere as an electioneering device. The rumour that Sir William Harcourt will try again to win some popularity over his Budget is probably well founded. The "free breakfast-table" might win votes. It seems that nothing else in the programme, so far, has been able to do so.

## THE FACTORIES BILL.

I am exceedingly sceptical about the progress of the Factories Bill, and, in any case, the Government cannot make it of much use for electioneering purposes, as the Opposition, of course, do not oppose it. But all Conservatives who abide by the tradition of the social policy advocated by Lord Beaconsfield will admit that it is the most important Bill yet introduced. Mr. Asquith scores again, but the Bill might go much farther than it does, and a vigorous attempt will be made, if opportunity is provided, by the more progressive Tories in the House of Commons to improve the Bill, and give even more protection to the workers than Mr. Asquith has been allowed by the Liberal capitalists to propose.

## PERISH AGRICULTURE!

Frightened by the return of Mr. Gurdon for Mid-Norfolk, which the defeated Radical candidate explains by the absence of any agricultural programme on his own side, the Government has hastened to introduce their Light Railways Bill. But what a Bill! Fancy a responsible Government, whose majority went down to twelve on an agricultural amendment to the Address, having nothing better to offer in mitigation of the agricultural depression! While Sir William Harcourt gloats over low prices, on the one hand, and Mr. John Morley deeply regrets his promise to make the fields "wave with golden grain," on the other, Mr. Bryce introduces a Bill to enable the Board of Trade to allow light railways to be made, at a lower scale than the £10,000 a mile hitherto necessary. Not a word of encouragement to anyone to make these railways; not a suggestion of a State loan, or of the State itself doing the work; not the faintest promise that England is to be treated as well as Ireland to relief and assistance in the agricultural industry! Only the Board of Trade is to have some of its requirements made less stringent! That is all that a Radical Government will ever attempt to do for the farmers of England. No wonder that, when the Tramways (Ireland) Bill came on for the Committee stage afterwards, exception should have been taken to rushing through, without discussion, a Bill which provides Ireland with tramways out of the Imperial exchequer, while Mr. Bryce amiably contends that to provide money out of the same exchequer for making light railways in England would be an "entirely novel precedent."

## THE UNIONIST "SPLIT."

The Unionist "split," which existed only in the hopes of the Radicals, has been disproved in a very practical manner. At Oxford and Mid-Norfolk the two wings of the Unionist Party worked together with almost unexampled enthusiasm, and at Leamington the air was cleared on Thursday by Mr. George Peel's retirement. It had become obviously farcical for his candidature to continue, and, in the face of the hostility shown to him, Mr. George Peel, who is not a mere carpet-bagger, but a resident at Leamington, could not have invited such personal unpopularity down there as his nomination would have involved. As a very clever scion of a famous family, Mr. Peel is not likely to lose politically by his retirement. But next time that he stands for Parliament he really ought to reconsider his political faith. Calling himself a Liberal-Unionist, he offered himself at Leamington with a programme which contained not a single Liberal item. Mr. Peel ought more strictly to have called himself a Peelite, if he preferred not to be a Conservative at once. But when your whole policy is Conservative, why not call yourself one? It isn't as if Conservatism was unpopular nowadays. On the contrary, it seems to be the growing political faith.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S RECOVERY.

It is possible that Lord Rosebery's tardy recovery and restoration of strength may have some influence on the political situation. After all, Lord Rosebery is Prime Minister, though for the last couple of months his hand has not been steering the Ship of State on any very certain course. And if Lord Rosebery, like Richard, is himself again, his silence of late will probably be found to have given him time for reflection about his own fortunes and those of his Party. The campaign against the House of Lords hangs fire, and, just at present, there is no chance of the appearance of the boasted Resolution which was going to do so much to adjust the relations between the two Houses. But the Prime Minister may find some other opportunity for bringing himself to the front. Our foreign policy just now is undoubtedly a most important matter. It is not merely that Great Britain is being forced into "spirited" action towards the South American Republics. Even more serious issues are opened up by the complications with Japan. What is certain is that, should these complications not work out smoothly, Great Britain will need a "strong" Government at her head. And what is equally certain is that the present Government is one of the weakest on record.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

It has been dull in the House of Commons for the last week—dull to extinction. We have had Irish business, Scotch business, factory business; and none of these topics, with a fairly comprehensive exception in favour of Ireland, are enlivening. The ceremonial part, however, has been interesting. We have seen the induction of Mr. Gully into the Chair, the exchange of the short bob-wig and the simple Court-suit for the full-flowing head-dress and the long robes which the Speaker wears when the Queen's assent has been given to his appointment; and we have had time to observe his demeanour in the great canopied seat which fronts the green benches. Certainly he looks very well—very well indeed! I watched him from the Gallery, and I stole a peep at him from the glass doors from which I have, for so many years, surveyed both Speakers Brand and Peel. I must say I started at the first glance I had at the close-shaven, slightly florid gentleman, who sat with a certain upright grace in Mr. Peel's chair, for Mr. Gully was the living picture of Lord Hampden. Allow a little for a slightly fuller face, and, perhaps, a slightly more portly person, and the resemblance was exact. Even the voice and gestures were similar. On the whole, the new Speaker has done very well. He has proved himself firm, clear, courteous, and perfectly dignified. Though he has made one or two slight slips in the forms in which members should be addressed and business conducted, these were of no importance, and did not, in any degree, take away from the general effect of his first appearance. In a word, I think Mr. Gully will do, and do very well.

## ANOTHER FEATHER IN MR. ASQUITH'S CAP.

Meanwhile, the Government, much battered in the constituencies, and further weakened by what will probably be the virtual closing of the Unionist split at Leamington, are having considerable successes in the House of Commons. There has all along been some danger of Tory opposition to the Factory Bill. The Tory Party is not precisely what it was in the days when the landlords backed factory legislation in order to spite the manufacturers. Conservatism is quite as strongly capitalistic as Liberalism, and it wants the energising movement which Mr. Asquith has put into social politics; moreover, it has one or two extreme and faddy representatives of pure *laissez faire*. Conspicuous among these is Mr. Tomlinson, a gentleman whose presence is not overpoweringly attractive, and who sets himself to resist every social reform that seems to threaten the interests he has in charge. A more refined and intellectual opposition to anything like State Socialism comes from Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Arthur Balfour's brother, whose mind, acute, metaphysical, but narrow and adroit, resembles in many respects that of the Leader of the Opposition. However, in spite of these hostile forces, Toryism has shown up very well, and I think there can be no doubt that the Factory Bill will not only be carried, but it will be strengthened in the Grand Committee to which it has been referred. Overtime will probably be further restricted, the age of "half-timers" will be raised to twelve, and the awful revelations as to the way in which our bread is being baked will ensure more stringent regulations in regard to bakeries. All this is another feather in the cap of Mr. Asquith, the one Minister who seems to have a steady capacity for "go" in him.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

Inside the Government, however, affairs are not so promising. The Prime Minister, still unwell, still suffering from sleeplessness, has almost retired from the active conduct of affairs. In his absence, and even in his presence, Sir William Harcourt is supreme in the Cabinet. Now, though Sir William is a very able man and has developed great talent as a Parliamentary leader, he is not so strong in council as he is in debate. He is too attached to the Local Option Bill, which would, if it were pressed, certainly bring the Government down with it. He wants the steady, engine-like force of Mr. Gladstone's character, and, powerful as he is, the position he now occupies is so anomalous that I doubt whether peace can be very long maintained under it. For a few days it looked as if Mr. Chamberlain might have revolutionised the political situation by quitting the Unionist alliance, and adopting something like a neutral and Jove-like attitude towards all parties. This contingency is no longer probable; I do not think that the difficulties between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are finally settled, for the one wants a strong electoral programme, and the other does not. For the present, however, I should say affairs are on a working basis in the Unionist Party, while the chronic difficulties in the Government's position remain in undiminished force.

## FOR THE CONTINENT.

One more route to the Continent. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway this day develop their present cargo service between Newhaven and Caen into a regular passenger line, with three sailings each way weekly. For this purpose they have equipped two twin-screw passenger steamers, the *Calvados* and *Trouville*, which are fitted with every modern improvement. Commencing to-day, the Brighton Railway Company are arranging to run a special train from Brighton daily at 10 a.m. to Newhaven Harbour, in connection with the day express service from London to Paris, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, arriving in Paris (St. Lazare) at 6.35 p.m. This train will return from Newhaven Harbour to Brighton at 5.20 p.m., on arrival of the steamer from Dieppe in connection with the special express train leaving Paris at 9.30 a.m.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 27, 1895.

The settlement has taken up most of our time this week, but, despite the enormous volume of business to be got through, especially in the mining market, time has been found to push prices up in nearly all departments. The Bank return was of the usual post-holiday kind, and the glut of money continues to an extent even more marked than might have been expected—which is saying a good deal.

Silver has improved, and silver stocks have followed the course of the metal. Some of the papers are beginning to talk as if the bimetallic heresy must needs be taken seriously, but, for our part, we look upon it as an amiable madness of a like kind to Protection, or, as Colonel Howard Vincent would call it, "Fair Trade." One has only to ask the bimetallicists to agree upon a ratio between the two standards, and the hopeless state of muddle into which their brains have been allowed to drift at once becomes evident. The boldest of them say  $15\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 is the price which the law should fix; or, in other words, that, by a stroke of the pen, the price of the white metal should be doubled. But this is too strong an order for most of the rank and file, who suggest 20, and even 25 to 1, as a compromise; although why, when you are about it, you should not do the thing handsomely—assuming you can do it at all—we fail to see. It is the old story of the French Revolution and the "law of maximum" all over again, and we hardly think, except a few enthusiasts, anybody seriously contemplates trying that experiment over again.

Consols have been quite a flat market during the week, but close above the lowest point, and the story of a Government loan for naval defence purposes is now generally disbelieved. The Colonies are "at it again" with a vengeance, and meet with such success that we fear every encouragement will be held out to another period of credit inflation. There is, however, every justification for the Western Australian borrowing, and, if the proceeds of the loan are applied to the Coolgardie Railway and an extension of the existing road to the Murchison Field, the money will be well spent.

Home Railways have passed through a quiet week, during which the tone has been generally dull. The future depends on traffic returns, but the market shows no decided encouragement to speculation for a rise just now.

Foreigners have been irregular, and the complications caused by the Chinese treaty of peace have depressed the market. Spanish and Italian securities have been the weakest, and close at about the worst; while Chilean stocks have remained firm, despite the practical certainty of a new loan. The River Plate Railway returns remain encouraging, and, if only the gold premium would show signs of a reasonable reduction, prices would rise rapidly. The country which has given us back our Jabez deserves to be supported; but we confess, dear Sir, we wish he had been made Finance Minister instead of being extradited, and, as a holder of Argentine stock, as distinguished from a Liberator shareholder, we doubt not you agree with our view.

The continued buying of Home industrial shares and debentures is a marked feature of the situation, as may be seen by the eager way in which Brewery debentures, however bad, are snapped up. Nothing official has transpired as to the Trustees Corporation; but everybody realises that the Ottoman Bank action has been settled. We hear that the report of the Industrial Trust will be in your hands next week; but meanwhile it will comfort you to hear that the full 5 per cent. will be paid on the Unified stock, with a reasonable margin over. A resolution is to be proposed for paying the expenses of the Shareholders' Committee out of the company's funds, and, considering the advantage which the shareholders have derived, will, no doubt, be carried.

Grand Trunk stocks have moved up a little every day on the improved prospects of the Shareholders' Committee, which is said now to have £18,000,000 of stock at its back. Considering the enormous difficulties under which the fight has been carried on—not the least of which was the use of an 1892 list of shareholders—we are surprised at the splendid result. Sir Henry Tyler has, however, at least one good quality—he will die fighting; but, before these lines reach you, we hope the battle will be over, and the Grand Trunk delivered from its long thralldom, which will, a few months hence, seem like a horrid dream, and set everybody wondering how the shareholders could have remained beasts of burden for so long.

The whole Yankee Market has been strong and shown a tendency to start an upward movement on the fairly solid ground of public buying. There is no reason to think topheaviness is likely to set in yet, for there is room—ample room—for far higher prices than those ruling. We are inclined to say that the market for Yankee Rails is, taken all along the line, in an excellent state for speculation, especially if a "bull" can afford to pay for and take up any stock he buys.

Until Friday evening the movements in the Kaffir Circus had been universally upward, and caused by a gigantic scramble to buy everything, good, bad, and indifferent. We remonstrated with a jobber who was urging us to buy some rubbish, and were told that "merits had nothing to do with it," and the remark was so true that we could not even protest against it. Prudent men will remember that somebody will "get left," as in all "booms," and that to-day Paris has been, almost for the first time, showing signs of a shake-out. It is very difficult to recommend any stock at this moment, but, if you *will* buy something, we advise you to lock up Langlaagte Royal at about  $4\frac{3}{4}$ , for these shares have not, so far, responded to the general advance, and have great intrinsic value, as have Croesus and New Clewer. We beg you, dear Sir, to take your profits in

most cases, and especially in Klerksdorp, Potchefstroom, and Champ d'Or Deep.

The week has seen the final collapse of the Australian rig, for it is announced that the allotments are cancelled and the money returned. So may all such proceedings end, is our devout wish. West Australians have been very strong, and news of several good crushings has been telegraphed over; about the best comes from a property called Brikbank's Birthday Gift, from which forty-eight tons are said to have produced 280 oz. of gold. The manager of the Pilbarra Gold-fields has arrived at Marblebar, and reports very favourably of the developments, especially upon the Banbo Queen lease; and a new company, called the Pilbarra Syndicate, has been privately subscribed to take over several properties upon this line of reef. We shall be surprised if this gold-field does not justify the confidence which those connected with it clearly possess. We hear good accounts of the Kintore Gold Mines, Limited, and several jobbers give us a tip to buy Thistle Reef shares at about 4s. 3d.; but we know very little of its merits, nor, for that matter, do its market supporters.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reach us—

LOUISE AND CO., LIMITED.—This company has been formed, with a capital of £163,000, to take over the well-known business of the same name carried on in Regent Street, Oxford Street, Brompton, and, curiously enough, in Shoreditch. The profits have been over £13,000 during the last two years, and, but for the fact that no valuation of what the company is buying is given in the prospectus, we should have said it was a model document. The board is a good one, and we have no doubt that the  $5\frac{1}{2}$  preference shares will prove a safe dividend-paying investment, while the ordinaries are sure to stand at a good premium. The flotation is in the hands of those who have made a success of Ben Evans, D. H. Evans, J. R. Roberts, and many concerns of a like nature, and the shares are sure to be oversubscribed. Those who get allotments may be considered fortunate.

HENRY WEDNELL AND STEWART, LIMITED, is formed, with a capital of £300,000, to take over a carpet-making business at Eskbank. The assets bought are valued at £163,000, and why anybody should pay more we fail to see, as even this sum is probably a very liberal valuation. Leave the shares of this concern to the "canny Scots" is our advice to all investors on this side of the Border, while, to those on the other side, we presume no advice is necessary.

THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT is inviting subscriptions for a million and a half 3 per cent. stock at a minimum of 90. Of course, the loan is as safe as most colonial issues, and already quoted at about 3 premium. New Zealand is splendid at protesting she will never borrow again, and finding excuses to do it next day. We suppose, like another place, it is a country paved with good intentions.

THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT is, through the London and Westminster Bank, offering £750,000  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, at a minimum of 99. The issue will probably be about ten times oversubscribed, and already figures at a premium of £2 10. We far prefer this issue to either the Queensland one, which was such a success the other day, or the New Zealand loan mentioned above.

THE PULIDO MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, is formed to work copper mines in Portugal. In consequence of the amount of gold contained in the ore, there seems a reasonable chance of good profits being made, but those who subscribe must reconcile themselves to holding their shares for results. For the investor it may be a good chance, but for the speculator we do not recommend it.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. N. (Philippine Islands).—We hope you will have received our letter before you see this number of *The Sketch*.

CUTMADOC.—Thank you for your letter and enclosure. We have sent you the name of the firm who deal in lottery bonds, and who can give you the names of many interest-bearing bonds with far better chances than those you name. The Panama drawings end in 1887. The bonds of the Ottoman Empire expire in 1874.

H. R. T.—The first mine you name is a pure gamble. We have no special information, but the jobbers say the shares may improve. The second company we have always avoided recommending, but, if we were holders, we should not sell in the present temper of the African market. Mysore Reefs and South Londonderry are speculations; for the moment we would rather buy Pig's Peak or Kintore, but it is a matter of opinion.

ALFRED.—(1) Yes, you may hold with every prospect of a rise. (2) Apply for a few Louise and Company, Limited, in your wife's name. (3) Try two out of the three following investments for your £500: Imperial Continental Gas, Ely Brothers shares, Telegraph Construction shares.

MANURE.—San Jorge is the best of the producing companies to buy. Hold Nitrate Rails if you want a high-paying investment. Buy a few Johannesburg Waterworks shares.

O. F. P.—There is no reason to sell the Colonial stocks you mention. You can buy Lehigh Valley Terminal Railway 5 per cent. first mortgage gold bonds with safety.

FOOLISH.—We cannot advise on law, but it seems, on your statement of the case, that you have a good cause of complaint against your brokers, and, subject to correction, we should say they were liable to you for the profit that would have been made, if your instructions had been carried out. Consult a good City solicitor, only take care you don't get into the hands of some "shark," who will look upon you as a means of making costs.

E. S.—(1) Hold your Ben Evans shares; they are worth about £1 3s. 6d. each. (2) We think very badly of Halford's System, and advise you not to try it. (3) The *Investors' Register* is run in the interest of a firm of outside brokers, whose names appear upon it. The shares recommended are of all sorts, some good, some bad, and we advise you to leave both firms alone, and put their circulars in the waste-paper basket when they come. This speciality business is all rubbish, and you would soon find that in many of the shares which are recommended it is easy to buy and hard to sell.